

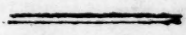
Librairie

LETTERS

WRITTEN FROM

LAUSANNE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



PRICE 5s.

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Clements parson
green Guilburn

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LETTERS

WRITTEN FROM

LAUSANNE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

VOL. I.

BATH, PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL;

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1799.



TO THE
MARCHIONESS OF S——.

MADAM,

IF, instead of a mixture of passion and reason, of weakness and virtue, such as one commonly meets with in society, these letters had described nothing but virtues, pure like those which appear in you, the Editor would have ventured to honour them with your name, and to dedicate them to you openly, as a tribute of respect.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE following translation of "Lettres écrites de Lausanne" was undertaken, and hastily executed, for the benefit of an emigrant lady, the intimate friend of the author. She having left England before the work was sent to the press, the translator was advised to offer it to the publick on his own account. This he now does, induced by the favourable reception the original met with abroad, and by a conviction that it will every where afford innocent amusement to the admirers of simplicity and nature.

STANDARD OF TRANSLATION

The following translation of
the original text of the
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as possible, and has
not attempted to improve
it in any way, or to
make it more readable
or more concise.



LETTER I.

Lausanne, Nov. 30th, 1784.

HOW wrong are you to indulge your complaints! A son-in-law of moderate accomplishments, but one whom your daughter married without repugnance; an establishment which you yourself regard as advantageous, but about which you have been very little consulted! What is there in all this? of what consequence is it to you? Your husband, relations, and convenience, have settled the whole arrangement. So much the better. If your daughter be happy, will you be less sensible of her felicity? If she be unhappy, will you not be less chagrined,
VOL. I. B because

because you were no way concerned in her misfortune? How romantick you are! Your son-in-law is but a common kind of a man; and is your daughter then so much distinguished for her talents? She will be separated from you; and have you indeed been so happy in her company? But she must live at Paris; and will that be a punishment to her?

In spite of your declamations against its dangers, its temptations, delusions, folly, madness, &c. would you be sorry to live there yourself? You are still handsome, and must always be amiable; and I am much mistaken if you would not readily load yourself with the trammels of the court, if you had an opportunity of doing so. And I have some reason to suspect that such an opportunity will soon occur. This marriage will cause you to be talked of;
and

and it will be considered what an advantage it would be to the princess to attach to her service a woman of your merit, discreet without prudery, equally sincere and polite, and modest, though distinguished for her talents. But let us see if all this be true.

For my part I have always found that this sort of merit has no existence but upon paper, where words never fight, whatever degree of contradiction there may be among them. Discreet, and yet not a prude! You certainly are no prude; and you have always appeared to me to be discreet; but have I always seen you? Have you given me the history of every moment of your life? A perfectly discreet woman must be a prude, at least I think so.

But let us proceed. Sincere, and yet polite! You are not so sincere as it is possible to be, because you are polite;

nor are you perfectly polite, because you are sincere; and you only join the two, because you are both in a moderate degree. But enough of this; it is not you whom I wish to criticise, but I was anxious to disburthen my mind upon this subject.

My daughter's guardians often torment me about her education; they tell me, and write to me, that a young woman ought to have the accomplishments which please the world, without feeling any desire to please. How can they be so absurd! How can it be supposed that she should have patience and application to attend to her lessons on the harpsichord, if she is to be indifferent as to her success? They wish her to be at the same time frank and reserved. What do they mean? Do they expect her to be afraid of blame without wishing for praise? They applaud my tenderness

derness for her, but they are unwilling that I should be so continually employed in preserving her from pain, and in procuring her pleasure. Thus it is, that by heaping words upon one another, people build up characters, forms of government, plans of education and of domestick happiness, to which there can be no objection but their being impracticable. It is thus that foolish moralizers torment the whole sex, wives, mothers, and young women, and all other weak people who suffer themselves to be preached to.

But to return to you, who are as sincere and as polite as it is necessary to be; to you, who are so charming; to you, whom I so tenderly love. The Marquis of **** told me the other day that he was almost sure we should lose you from our neighbourhood. Be it so; permit yourself to be settled at

Court, without complaining of what your family request from you. Be content to be guided by circumstances, and think yourself happy that you have met with such circumstances to control you; that you have relations to teize you—a husband who gets his daughter married, and a daughter careless and indifferent enough to submit to his wishes. How I wish I were in your situation! How often, when I reflect upon your lot, am I tempted to blame the religious zeal of my grandfather. If, like his brother, he had consented to go to mass, I know not how he might have fared in the other world, but I am pretty sure I should have been more comfortable in this.

You complain, my romantick cousin, and I think that if I were in your place I should not complain. As it is, I also complain, and surely I am sometimes

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an object of pity. My poor CECILIA! alas, what will become of her! She was seventeen last spring, and it is high time to think of introducing her, and shewing her the world, and also to give her an opportunity of receiving the attentions of young men.—She receive attentions! alas, how absurdly I talk! Who would think of a girl whose mother is still young, and whose whole fortune (even after the death of that mother) will not be above fifteen hundred pounds? My daughter's income and mine together amount to about eighty pounds a year; you will easily see, therefore, that whoever marries her, must do it from love, and not from motives of prudence. It is consequently peculiarly necessary that she should be seen, and that she should attend balls and other publick places. At the same time much caution is requisite, lest, by
being

being too much seen, people may become tired of looking at her; and lest, by being too much indulged in amusements, she may acquire habits which she cannot conquer.

Her guardians too may be displeased, and other mothers may observe—how imprudent it is to suffer a girl without a fortune to act so—how much time is lost in dressing, without reckoning that wasted upon the amusements themselves—her dress, too, plain as it is, could not be bought for nothing,—gauzes, ribbons, &c. (for nothing is so exact, so minute, so detailed, as the criticism of women.) She requires also to be checked in her dancing, it heats her, and is unbecoming; her hair, too, though neatly enough dressed by our joint care, soon gets deranged, and gives her the appearance of rusticity; her face becomes flushed, and the next
day

day she has either a head-ach or a bleeding at the nose. But then she loves dancing so much, is tall, well-formed, active, and has so perfect an ear, that it would be as cruel to restrain her from dancing as a deer from running.

I have just told you my daughter's first appearance, and will now endeavour to describe her in other respects. Figure to yourself, then, a handsome forehead, a pretty nose, black eyes not large, but mild and expressive; lips rather thick and very red, fine teeth, a beautiful brown skin, an animated complexion, a neck too large, in spite of all the pains I have taken to prevent its being so, a bosom which would be handsome if it were whiter, a tolerable hand and foot. Such is CECILIA. If you knew Madame R***, or the handsome country-girls of the Pays de Vaud, I could

I could give you a more exact idea. —Were you to ask me what the *tout ensemble* of this figure expresses, I would tell you health, good-nature, gaiety, susceptibility of love and friendship, simplicity of heart, and rectitude of mind; but neither extreme elegance, peculiar delicacy and refinement, nor grandeur of sentiment.

My daughter is a handsome and a good girl. You will, I know, ask a thousand questions about her; as why I said, “POOR CECILIA, what will be-
“ come of her? &c.” Well, with all my heart; ask as much as you please. I wish to talk about her, and I have no one here to whom I can open my mind.

LETTER II.

WELL, be it so. A handsome young Savoyard in the dress of a girl—I have no objection. But do not forget, if you mean to have a clear idea of her beauty, a certain transparency of complexion, a kind of satin-like appearance, which is produced by the least moisture upon the skin. I know not how to describe it, but by saying that it is the contrary of dull and clouded; it is like the downy satin of the red sweet-pea—Such at this moment is my CECILIA. If you should not know her when you meet her in the street, it would be your fault.

But why (you say) a thick neck? It is a disorder of this country; a thickening of the lymph, and an enlargement of the glands, for which no satisfactory reason has yet been given. It

was

was for a long time attributed to the intense cold of the water, or to its having imbibed chalky particles in its course; but CECILIA has never been accustomed to drink any thing but either toast and water, or mineral waters. It must, therefore, be the effect of the air; perhaps of certain cold blasts which sometimes suddenly follow a great degree of heat.

There are few goitres upon the mountains, but in proportion as the vallies become narrower and more deep, they become larger and more common. They abound particularly in places where people are much afflicted with the king's-evil, and where there are many ideots. Several methods of cure, but no preservatives, have been discovered, and I am by no means clear that the remedies either entirely remove the disorder, or are attended with no disadvantage

disadvantage to the health in other respects. I will redouble my care, to prevent CECILIA from ever being exposed to the cold air of the evening, but I will not venture upon any thing else; I wish, however, that Government would offer rewards for the discovery of the real nature of this deformity, and of the best mode of guarding against it.

You ask me how I could think of marrying, when the joint property of myself and my husband only amounted to fifteen hundred pounds; and you are astonished that, as I was an only daughter, I was not richer. The question is an odd one:—People marry because they are men and women, and because they like each other. But no more of this—I will give you the history of my fortune.

My grandfather, as you know, came from Languedoc without any property;

he subsisted upon a pension which your grandfather allowed him, and another which he received from the English Court: both these ceased at his death. My father was a captain in the Dutch service, and lived upon his pay, and the fortune of my mother, which was about three hundred pounds. My mother (who, by the bye, was a citizen's daughter in this town) was so beautiful and so amiable, that my father with her was insensible both to poverty and to every other evil; and she loved him with so much fondness, that she died of grief for his death.

It is to her, and not either to her father or mother, that CECILIA bears a resemblance. May her life be as happy, but of longer duration! may, at all events, her lot be as happy, though her career should be shorter.

My

My mother's three hundred pounds was my whole fortune. My husband had four brothers, and his father gave each of them five hundred pounds when they arrived at the age of twenty-five years; he also left at his death to the four youngest five hundred more, and to the eldest the remainder of his property, and an estate valued at a thousand pounds. He was reckoned a rich man in this country, and would have been so in yours; but when a man has five sons, none of whom can either be priests or merchants, it is a heavy expence to supply them all with a competency.

The interest of our eleven or twelve hundred pounds supplies us with all the comforts of life which we desire, but you will readily allow that CECILIA is not likely to be married for her fortune. It has, however, been in my

power to marry her; or rather, it has not been in my power—for I could not have brought myself to wish it, and if I had, she would not have consented.

The person in question was a young clergyman, her relation by my mother's side; a little pale thin man, who had been fondled, indulged, and petted by his whole family. He was looked upon (because he had written some bad verses, and some cold declamatory sermons) as the greatest genius and orator in Europe.

My daughter and I were upon a visit to his family about six weeks ago, when a young English Lord and his tutor passed the evening with us. After tea, we amused ourselves with lively games; at length we got to blindman's-buff, and then to lotto. The young Englishman is for a man exactly what my daughter is for a girl; he is just the handsome

handsome English villager, as she is the handsome cottage-girl of the Pays de Vaud. He did not shine much in these sportive games, but CECILIA had more indulgence for his bad French than for the disgusting witticisms of her cousin; or rather, she paid no attention to the latter, while she was both the teacher and interpreter of the former. At blindman's-buff, you will easily guess there was no comparison in their activity; at lotto, the one was attentive and frugal, the other careless and magnificent.

When we were about to go away, "JEANNOT," says his mother, "you will see CECILIA home; but it is very cold, put on your great-coat, therefore, and button yourself well up." His aunt brought him his galoshes, but whilst he was wrapping himself up like a portmanteau, and

appeared to be preparing for a long journey, the young Englishman bounds up stairs, returns in an instant with his hat, and offers his hand to CECILIA. I could not help laughing, and telling my cousin that he might unpack himself again. Had his fate with CECILIA been doubtful before, this moment would have decided it.

Though he is the only son of rich parents, and likely to inherit the property of five or six aunts, CECILIA will not marry her cousin the parson;—indeed, it would be like Agnes and the dead body, only instead of a resurrection, he would become more dead.—This dead body, however, has a very animated friend, (a clergyman also) who has fallen in love with CECILIA, after seeing her two or three times at the house of his friend's mother. He is a young man, from the valley of the Lake
of

of Joux, handsome, fair, and robust; who walks twenty miles a day, hunts more than he studies, goes to preach every Sunday at his chapel three miles from his own house; in summer without a parasol, in winter without riding-coat or galoshes, and could easily carry his little pedantick friend under his arm.

If he were a proper husband for my daughter, I would with all my heart go and live with them upon his curacy among the mountains; but he has no income exclusive of his living, and even that is not the greatest objection. I dread the cunning of the mountaineers, which would suit CECILIA less than any other woman; besides, my brothers-in-law (her guardians) would never consent to such an alliance, and even I myself should be by no means pleased with it.

Nobility,

Nobility, in this country, is good for nothing, gives no privilege, no right, no exemption; but if this makes it more ridiculous to those who are disposed to think it so, it renders it more amiable and more precious to a very few others. I confess that I am apt to pay more respect to this small number than I perhaps am myself aware of.

I figure them to myself as people, who, though they cannot become Canons or Knights of Malta, and though they pay all the taxes, yet feel themselves more obliged than other men to be brave, disinterested, and faithful to their word; who conceive it impossible that they should ever commit any mean action, and who think that they have received from their ancestors, and are bound to hand down to their children, a certain flower of honour, which is to virtue what elegance

gance is to motion, what grace is to strength and beauty; and which they preserve with so much the more care, because it cannot be defined, and because they themselves know not what it will bear without being blighted and destroyed. It is thus that one preserves a delicate flower, or a precious vase; it is thus that a sincere friend will trust nothing to accident, which can any way interest the object of his friendship; and it is thus that a faithful wife or mistress watches over even her very thoughts!

Adieu! I will now amuse myself by meditating upon the charming and delicate things which I have been just saying to you. May your reveries be as agreeable.

P. S. Perhaps what I have just been saying is as old as time, and indeed, from its nature it cannot be new: but
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it does not signify—it has given me so much pleasure, that I can scarcely refrain from returning to the same idea, and detailing it more at length. This principle of nobility, which consists merely in an obligation more strict and more deeply impressed upon the mind; but which has a stronger effect upon a young man than conscience itself, making him cautious in spite of his passions; and making even old men brave, in spite of their infirmities;—this principle, I say, enchants, attaches, and seduces me.

I cannot bear that this class of society (ideal as it may be) should be neglected by the Government, that it should be suffered to be wasted in indolence and wretchedness; for when it enriches itself by a marriage for money, by commerce, or by speculations in finance, it ceases to exist; no-
bility

bility becomes plebeian, or, to speak more accurately, my chimera vanishes.

LETTER III.

IF I were a king, I know not whether I should be just or not, though I should wish to be so; but I know what I would certainly do: I would make an exact list of all the nobility in my territories; I would then give them some mark of distinction, not brilliant, but striking; and I would admit no new men into this chosen body. I would take the charge of all their children above three. I would assign a pension to such heads of their families as were reduced to poverty, as the king of England does to reduced peers. I would also form a second class, composed of officers who had attained a certain rank,
of

of their children, of those who had held certain employments, &c. In each district this class should have the right of uniting to itself any man distinguished by a good action, any foreign gentleman, rich merchant, or the author of any useful invention. The people should elect representatives, and this should form a third order in the nation; but this last should not be hereditary. Each of the three should have different distinctions, and the care of separate departments, besides what they might be intrusted with indifferently with the rest of my subjects.

Deputies chosen from the three classes, and united in one body, should form the council of the nation, who should reside in the capital. They should be consulted by me upon all occasions, hold their situations for life, and take precedence of the nobility themselves.

themselves. Each of these counsellors should name, as his successor, any one who was not his son, son-in-law, or nephew; subject, however, to be examined and confirmed by the sovereign and the council. Their children should enter of course into the class of nobles, and thus the families which became extinct would be replaced. Every man, upon his marriage, should become of the same class as his wife, and his children do the same.

This last regulation is recommended by three motives:

1st. The children more certainly belong to the wife than the husband.

2dly. Their early education, and the prejudices they imbibe, depend more upon the mother than the father.

In the third place, I should hope, by this arrangement, to increase emulation among the men, and to facilitate the

marriage of the best educated, but the poorest, of the marriageable girls in the country.

You will see that in this superb arrangement I have not forgotten my CECILIA. She was the origin of my plan, and it returns to her. I contemplate her belonging to the first class: beautiful, well-educated, and good as she is, I see at her feet all the young men of her own class, who are unwilling to be degraded; and all those of the inferior ones, who are ambitious to be elevated.

Seriously, this is the only kind of nobility which would afford me any pleasure. I hate all others, because a prince cannot confer, with titles, that principle of nobility, that dignified sentiment, which seems to me the only advantage of nobility. I grant that, according to my plan, a man cannot acquire this by marriage, but then the children

children may inherit it from their mothers. But enough of politicks, or rather of castles in the air.

Besides the two men I have already mentioned, CECILIA has another lover who is of the *bourgeois* order; but he is a man more likely to reduce her to his own rank, than to elevate himself to her's. He boxes, gets drunk, and keeps girls, like the German noblemen, and young English lords, with whom he associates: he is handsome, and in other respects amiable enough, but his morals frighten me. His indolence disgusts CECILIA; and although he is rich, yet his fondness for imitating those who are more so, must inevitably ruin him.

She has another also, who is a sensible young man, mild, amiable, possessed of considerable talents, and engaged in the commercial line. In some other country he might succeed in his
 D 2 profession,

profession, but here it is impossible. If my daughter had an attachment to him, and his uncles made no objections, I would willingly go and live with them at Geneva, Lyons, Paris, or wherever they pleased; but the young man, perhaps, does not love CECILIA well enough to give up for her his native country, which is indeed the most agreeable in the world, the prospect of our beautiful lake, and its charming banks.

You see, my dear friend, that of all these four lovers there is not one likely to make her a proper husband. There is no one I can propose to CECILIA, except a certain cousin of hers, of a noble family, but of a narrow understanding, who lives in a dismal old castle, where nothing has been read from father to son but the bible and the newspaper. But—the young lord? you will ask. I shall have much to say to you
upon

upon that subject, but I reserve them for another letter. My daughter is pressing me to take a walk with her. Adieu!

LETTER IV.

·ABOUT a week ago my cousin, the mother of the young parson, being sick, my daughter and I went to spend a few hours with her. The young lord, I mentioned to you, having heard of it, gave up a great club dinner (which all the English at Lausanne were to have on that day) in order to meet us. Except at meal times, he had scarcely been at home at all since the adventure of the galoshes. He was received rather coolly at first, but he stepped so softly upon the tip of his toes, spoke so gently, was so gracefully attentive to every one, and offered his French grammar to

CECILIA with so good an air, requesting her to teach him to pronounce exactly as she did herself, that he soon made his peace with my cousin and her sisters: but all this displeased the little parson exactly in the same proportion as it pleased the rest of the party. Indeed he remembers it with so much rancour, that by constantly complaining of the noise above his head, sometimes interrupting his studies, and sometimes his sleep, he has prevailed upon his good but foolish mother, to beg my lord and his tutor to seek another lodging.

They called upon me yesterday to ask if I would take them to board with me. I refused them at once, without giving CECILIA time to form any wish upon the subject. They then were anxious to hire a suite of apartments in my house, which they knew to be empty,
but

but that also I refused. We will be content to take them for only two months, for one month, or even for a fortnight, said the young man, just till we can find a lodging somewhere else. Perhaps you would find us such quiet lodgers, that you would have no objection to keep us on. I am not so noisy as they accuse me of being; but even if I were so naturally, I would take care, Madame, that you and your daughter should have no reason to complain of me; and there is nothing which I would make a point of, but the being permitted now and then to come and learn a little French. I looked at CECILIA, and found her eyes fixed upon mine. I saw at once I must refuse, but I believe I suffered nearly as much in denying their request, as they did in being denied. The tutor easily devised my motives, and restrained the importunities
of

of his young friend, who has called this morning to tell me, that not being so fortunate as to be received by me, he had taken the nearest lodging he could procure, and hoped I would permit him now and then to pay his respects to us. I gave him leave; and when he went away, and I returned from seeing him to the door, CECILIA eagerly embraced me:—"So then," said I, "you think "yourself much obliged to me." She blushed, and I pressed her tenderly to my bosom, while the tears flowed from my eyes. She observed them, and I am certain they would act more strongly as a persuasive to prudence and caution, than the most elaborate harangue would have done. But my brother-in-law and his wife are just arrived, and I am obliged to leave off.

Every thing is known and talked of here in a moment. My brother-in-law
has

has heard that I refused to let, for a handsome price, my apartments which were of no use to me. He is my daughter's guardian, and himself lets out his apartments, and even sometimes his whole house, and either remains in the country if he is there, or goes to it if he is not. He, therefore, thought my conduct very extraordinary, and blamed me extremely. The only reason I gave him was, that I did not wish to let lodgings, which appeared to him an absurd affectation of dignity. He began to be angry in good earnest, when CECILIA observed, that without doubt I had reasons, which I did not think it proper to mention; and which ought, therefore, to be considered as sufficient, and no more be said about it. I expressed my thanks for her kind interposition, by embracing her, while her eyes were filled with tears in her turn.

My

My brother and sister-in-law left us without knowing what to make either of the mother or the daughter. I know I shall be blamed by the whole town, and no one will approve my conduct but CECILIA, and perhaps the young Englishman's tutor. But you will be surprised at all this talk about letting lodgings, taking strangers to board, the chagrin of my brother-in-law, &c.

Are you acquainted with the town of Plombieres, or Bourbonne, or Barege? From what I have heard of them, Lausanne is very much the same kind of place. The beauty of our country, our academy, and the reputation of M. TISSOT, attract to us strangers from all countries, of every age, of every character, but not of very various conditions of life. There are few but the rich who can live out of their own country. Our visitors then consist principally

pally of English lords, French farmers-general, and German princes; who spend a good deal of money among our innkeepers, the neighbouring peasants, our little shopkeepers and artisans, and those who have houses to let either in the town or country; but impoverish every one else, by making provisions and labour dear, and by giving us (by their example) a taste for luxury very unsuitable to our circumstances.

The inhabitants of Plombieres, Spa, and Barege, do not associate with their guests, and consequently acquire neither their customs nor their manners. But we, who are more accomplished, and whose birth is generally as good as that of our visitors, live entirely with them, amuse them, and sometimes form their characters; in return for which they corrupt us. They turn the heads of our young women; and give, by contrast,

trast, to such of our young men as preserve their own simple manners, an air of awkwardness and stupidity; while those who imitate them become downright coxcombs, and ruin both their fortunes and their constitutions. Neither our household arrangements, nor the happiness of our married people, are improved, by having in our parties a mixture of gay and elegant French, and of handsome and accomplished English ladies and gentlemen; even if they do not ruin the comfort of many marriages, they certainly prevent a great number from taking place. The young girls are disgusted with the rusticity of their own countrymen, and the men, in their turn, with the coquetry of the women. Both dread that attention to œconomy to which a marriage would force them; and if they have the least inclination to enter into the state of matrimony,

matrimony, nothing is so natural, and even reasonable, as this apprehension of limited and uncomfortable circumstances.

I used to think it very hard that a more severe judgment should be passed upon the morals of the wife of a merchant or a lawyer, than upon those of the lady of a farmer-general or a duke. But I reasoned falsely, for the former becomes more corrupt, and does more mischief to her husband than the latter. She makes him ridiculous, by making his own house unpleasant to him; or perhaps, to deceive him more completely, she banishes him almost wholly from it. If he allow her to govern him, he is looked upon as a poor sneaking fellow; if to cheat him, as a mere blockhead; thus, which ever way it is, he becomes contemptible, and loses all chance of succeeding in the

world. All the consolation he has left is the pity of the publick, and seeing his wife hated for having reduced him to such a miserable situation. On the other hand, the same conduct among the rich and the great produces very little real misery. The husband keeps his mistresses, if he likes it; and indeed it is almost always on his side that the mischief begins; besides, his condition in life commands too much respect to permit him ever to be ridiculous. The wife, on her part, is not detested; nor, perhaps, does she deserve to be so. She has many ways of supporting her reputation, by treating her servants kindly, by attending to the education of her children, by being charitable, or by giving balls and entertainments. Instead, therefore, of making any one an object of pity, she contributes to the happiness of a great many. The fact is,

is, that, as far as relates to this world, money is the sovereign good. It purchases even the power of being virtuous in the midst of vice; or, at least, of being vicious with as few inconveniences as possible. It is true, that the time will arrive when it will cease to purchase enjoyment, and when both men and women, worn out by long and habitual indulgence, will find every thing gloomy around them; and perceive, with despair, that they can no longer buy even a single moment of life or of health, of beauty, youth, or vigor; but how many people cease to live before they feel the void and the insufficiency of life.

But this letter is very long, and I am tired of writing.—Adieu, my dear friend.

I perceive that all the observations I have made above relate to the different effects of infidelity in wives in the higher

and lower ranks of society; they apply, however, equally to similar conduct in husbands. If they are poor, they lavish upon their mistresses what ought to procure necessaries for their wives; if rich, they only waste what is superfluous, and leave them a thousand amusements, a thousand resources, and a thousand consolations. If ever I do consent to my daughter's marrying a poor man, I must be well convinced that they are strongly attached to each other; but should a man of family and fortune offer, I, perhaps, might not be quite so anxious upon that subject.

LETTER V.

YOUR husband then thinks my plan of legislation an absurd one, and has been at the trouble of making out a list of the inconveniences to which it
is

is subject. What an ungrateful man he must be, not to thank me for having attracted his attention to so interesting a subject, and for having made him think more, perhaps, in eight days, than he has done before in the whole course of his life.

I will now endeavour to answer some of his objections;—and first, he says, “Young men would devote too much attention to please those women who had it in their power to raise them to a superior rank.” Not more (I answer) than they do at present, to seduce and deceive women of all ranks.

“Husbands, raised by their wives to a superior situation, would feel themselves under too great obligations to them.” Besides that I do not see any great harm in this kind of gratitude, the number of the obliged would be very small, and it could be attended with

no worse consequences to owe one's nobility than one's fortune to a wife; an obligation which we see men contract every day.

“Girls would raise to the higher rank not the most meritorious, but the handsomest men.” Daughters would, as they do now, depend upon their parents; and even if it should now and then happen that they ennobled a man who had nothing to recommend him but his fine figure, what great harm would that be? It would add to the beauty of their children, and improve at least the external appearance of the nobility. A Spanish nobleman said to my father one day, ‘If you meet in Madrid a man remarkably ugly, little, feeble, and unhealthy, you may be sure he is a Grandee of Spain.’ A pleasantry, founded upon exaggeration, certainly is

no

no argument; but at the same time, your husband must allow that, in every country, there is some foundation for the Spaniard's observation.— But to return to his catalogue of objections.

“ A gentleman might fall in love
 “ with a beautiful and virtuous girl of
 “ the second class, and yet not have it
 “ in his power to marry her.” Pardon me, he certainly might marry her.
 “ But if he did, he would disgrace
 “ himself.” Not at all; on the contrary, all the world would applaud him for making such a sacrifice. And might he not also recover his rank, by acquiring, by his merits, the situation of member of the royal national council? Might not his children be thus elevated to their original class? and might not his sons have also an opportunity of doing so by marriage?

Another

Another of his objections is “ a doubt
 “ as to what would be the functions of
 “ this national council? how it would
 “ employ itself? and what the things
 “ are of which it would take cogni-
 “ zance?” I promise you, my cousin,
 as soon as any sovereign asks me an
 explanation of my scheme, with an in-
 tention of reducing it to practice, I will
 explain and detail it in the best manner
 I am able; and if he finds it, after exa-
 mination, so ill-contrived and impracti-
 cable as you think it, I will at once give
 it up.

You also accuse my plan of shewing
 all the prejudices of my sex. It is very
 true; I am a woman, and I also have a
 daughter. I am prejudiced in favour
 of an ancient nobility, and I have the
 weaknesses of my sex; it may be,
 therefore, that I act rather as an advo-
 cate in my own cause, than as an im-
 partial

partial judge in a cause which concerns the interests of society in general. Even if it be so, I do not consider myself as inexcusable. Would you not allow the Dutch to be more impressed by a dread of the inconveniences of a free navigation of the Scheldt, than by the arguments of their enemy, in favour of the natural right of all nations upon rivers in general?

You put me in mind also, that CECILIA herself, for whose sake I wish to create a species of monarchy entirely new, would have been only of the second class if my plan had been adopted a few years ago, as my father would then have been reduced to the class of his wife, and my husband to mine. I thank you for having given me so serious an answer; it is an honour which I will not say I do not deserve, but which I certainly did not expect.—

Adieu,

Adieu, my cousin; I now return to your wife.

You are enchanted with CECILIA, and you do her only justice by being so. You ask me how I have managed to make her so strong, and to keep her so fresh and healthy? She has never been separated from me, always slept in my room, and in cold weather in my bed; and as I have no other object for my affections, I am very clear-sighted and attentive as to every thing which concerns her.

Another of your questions is, if she never was sick? You know she has had the small-pox; indeed, I wished to inoculate her, but was prevented by the disorder attacking her in the natural way, from which she suffered most severely. The only illnesses my CECILIA is subject to, are severe head-achs, and in the winter chilblains in her feet,
which

which sometimes oblige her to keep her bed. But I had rather that she should be subject to that inconvenience, than confine her in the house during frosty weather, and prevent her from warming herself when pinched by the cold. As to her hands, I was so much afraid of spoiling their beauty, that by dint of care, I have preserved them from being affected in the same way.

You wish to be informed how I have educated her. I have never had any servant but one woman, who was brought up by my grandmother, and lived with my mother. To her care, and at the house of her niece in the village, I have always left CECILIA, when I either went to pass a fortnight with you at Lyons, or to visit you at our old aunt's. I myself taught her to read and write, as soon as she could speak and move her fingers; for I agree with the author
of

of Sethos, that we never learn any thing so perfectly as what we learn mechanically. From the age of eight to sixteen, she had every day a lesson in Latin and the principles of religion, from her cousin, the father of her pedantick and jealous little lover, and in musick from an old organist, who understood his profession very well. She learnt from me as much arithmetick as is necessary for a woman, as also sewing, knitting, and netting; as to every thing else, I have left it to chance. She has acquired a little geography, by amusing herself with maps which hang in my antichamber, has read such books as have happened to fall in her way and to amuse her, and listened to such conversations as excited her curiosity, and when she perceived that her doing so was not considered as impertinent.

I am

I am not very learned, and my daughter is still less so. I do not endeavour to keep her constantly employed, and I leave her to her own reflections when I am not in a humour to amuse her. She has had no expensive masters; she neither plays on the harp, nor understands English or Italian, and has had only three months instructions in dancing. You will, therefore, readily conclude that she is not wonderfully accomplished; but then she is so handsome, so good, and of so natural a character, that I do not think any one could wish her to be otherwise than as she is.

“ But why,” you will ask, “ have you taught her Latin?” That she might understand French without my being always obliged to correct her; that she might be employed; that I might have at the least one hour to myself

myself every day; and also because it was attended with no expence. My cousin the professor had a much stronger understanding than his son, and all that simplicity which he so much wants; indeed, he was an excellent man. He loved CECILIA, and the instructions which he continued to give her until the day of his death, were equally pleasant to him and useful to her. She attended him in his last illness, with as much affection as if he had been her father; and the example of patience and resignation which he exhibited, was the last and most important lesson she received from him, and gave additional weight and value to all his former ones. When she suffers from her head-aches, or is confined by her chilblains, or when people talk of some epidemick disorder threatening Lausanne, (and we are particularly

larly subject to diseases of that kind) she thinks of her cousin the professor, and suppresses all inclination to complain, to be impatient, or to yield to excessive alarm.

You are very kind to thank me for my letters; I ought rather to thank you for allowing me the pleasure of writing to you.

LETTER VI.

WAS it attended with no inconvenience, you ask me, to permit my daughter to read and listen as she pleased? Would it not have been better ———? I abridge, but do not transcribe your observations, because they have given me great uneasiness. Perhaps it might have been better to have taught her more or less, or something

thing different from what she has learned; perhaps it may have been attended with inconvenience, &c. But you do not consider that my daughter and I are neither the heroines of a romance, like ADELA and her mother, nor held up as examples for the imitation of others. I love my daughter with undivided affection, and nothing, as far as I know, has ever engaged my attention in comparison with her, or stood in competition with her interest in my heart. Even supposing that I have given her wrong or not sufficient instructions, you will find (if you adopt the system, that every thing depends upon education) by ascending from one generation to another, that the fault rests with Noah or Adam; who, by bringing up their children ill, have transmitted a faulty education, from father to son, down to my CECILIA. If, on the other hand,

hand, you attribute all to the energies of nature, you will discover, by ascending a little higher, and adopting any system which best pleases you, that I could do no better than I have done. When I received your letter I happened to be sitting opposite to my daughter, who was busily and cheerfully employed at her work. My mind being filled with what you wrote, the tears rushed into my eyes, which she perceiving, immediately sat down to her harpsichord with a view to amuse me. I then sent her upon a message to a distant part of the town, which she soon executed, and returned without suffering any inconvenience from the cold, intense as it was. Some tedious visits succeeded, but she continued as mild, obliging, and lively as ever. And finally, the young lord has offered her a concert ticket, which she would gladly

have accepted, but upon a look of mine she immediately refused it. I can now retire to rest in tranquillity.

I cannot think I have educated her ill; my conscience does not reproach me. The impression made by your letter is nearly worn out. If my daughter be unhappy, I shall certainly be so too, but I will not throw the blame upon my heart, tender as it is, and wholly devoted to the daughter of its affections. Nor will I blame my CECILIA; I will rather accuse the present state of society and her own bad destiny; or do what is still better, accuse no one, complain of nothing, but submit in silence, with patience and resolution.— Make no excuses for your letter; we will forget it. I am well assured that you did not mean to give me pain; you considered yourself as consulting a book, or asking questions of an author.

To-morrow

To-morrow I shall be able to continue my letter with a more tranquil mind.

Your husband then thinks me wrong in complaining of the number of strangers who come to Lausanne, and says that they do good to many more than they hurt. It may be so, and I will complain no more. Besides this generous reason, which arises from reflection, habit makes this assemblage of strangers very pleasant; they add to our cheerfulness and gaiety, it looks also like a kind of homage paid by the whole world to our charming country. Besides, who knows but in secret each young woman sees a husband, and each mother a son-in-law, in every carriage which arrives?

But CECILIA has met with a new lover, who neither comes from Paris nor London. He is the son of our mayor, a handsome young Bernois, fair
and

and fresh-coloured, and the best humoured youth in the world. After having met us two or three times (I do not recollect where) he has visited us with great assiduity, and I have already discovered that he does it secretly; so evident does it appear to him, that Bernois parents must be dissatisfied to see their sons attached to any young woman of the Pays de Vaud. But let him come, poor young man! whether he does so secretly or not, he will neither do any harm to CECILIA, nor hurt his own reputation; nor will either his father the mayor or his mother the mayoress have any reason to accuse us of seducing him.

But see who comes with the young lord! I must leave you, to receive them. See also the dead parson, and the living parson; I hear also young FARAND, and the young merchant, and many others.

others. CECILIA receives company to-day. We expect a number of young ladies also, but they are not quite so anxious to get here as the young men. CECILIA has begged me to stay at home and do the honours of the day for her, both because she feels herself more at her ease when I am near her, and because she thought the air too cold for me to venture out.

LETTER VII.

IN the warmth of your attachment to CECILIA, and of your jealousy for the dignity of your relations, you wish me to forbid the mayor's son my house. You are wrong—nay, you are unjust. The richest and best-born young woman in the Pays de Vaud would be a bad match for a Bernois; who, when he marries

marries one of his countrywomen, gets more than fortune, for he facilitates the means of his rising in the government. He puts himself in the way of distinguishing himself, and of rendering his talents useful to himself, to his relations, and to his country.

I praise fathers and mothers for feeling all this, and for guarding their sons against the snares which are here very often laid for them. Besides, a girl of Lausanne would in vain become mayoress, or even a counsellor's lady; for at Berne she would never cease to regret the Lake of Geneva and its charming banks. It is as bad as if one were to take a young woman from Paris, to make her a princess in Germany. But I sincerely wish that the ladies of Berne would more frequently marry into the Pays de Vaud, in order to produce more equality, and a greater interchange
of.

of civilities between us and Berne; and to put an end to our, sometimes unjust, complaints of the hauteur of the people of Berne, by making them cease to give us any reason to complain.

It is said that the kings of France have been at different times obliged to reduce the power of their great vassals, in order to keep them in proper subjection. They did right, without doubt, as it is important, above all things, to secure the tranquillity of a state; but I feel that I should be incapable of this very policy which I approve. I am so fond of every thing beautiful, and of every thing which is prosperous, that I could not prune a fine tree, though it were no one's property, in order to procure more nourishment and more sun for trees of my own planting.

Every thing in appearance here goes on as usual; but I dread that my daughter's

ter's heart becomes more deeply affected every day. The young Englishman does not speak to her of love; I do not know whether or not he feels it, but all his attentions are devoted to her. She receives from him a beautiful nosegay every day there is a ball; he always wishes to dance with her, and he offers his arm to her or to me whenever we come from an assembly. She says nothing to me upon the subject, but I can easily perceive her satisfied or absent, as she happens to see him or not, and as his attentions are more or less marked. Our old organist is dead, and she has requested me to employ the hour of his lesson in teaching her English. To this I have consented, and she will learn it very quickly; the young man is astonished at her progress, and has no idea that it is owing to himself.

They

They used to play at cards together whenever they met, but I did not wish that she should play; I observed, therefore, that a girl who plays so ill as my daughter, was wrong to play at all, and that I should be very sorry to see her learn it at so early an age. Upon this the young Englishman has got made for him a very small draft-board, and a set of the least possible draftsmen, and always carries them in his pocket; how can I then hinder these young people from playing! He says, that when CECILIA tires of draughts, he will get some small chess-men. He does not guess how little reason there is to suspect that she should tire.

We talk much of the illusions of vanity, and yet it seldom happens that those who are the objects of sincere love think themselves so much so as they really are. A child never sees

how wholly it engrosses the attention of its mother; a lover does not perceive that his mistress neither sees nor attends to any thing but him; his mistress, on the other hand, is not aware that she does not say one word, nor even move, without giving either pain or pleasure to her lover. Were we fully acquainted with all this, how should we, from motives of pity, of generosity, and of interest, watch over our own conduct, that we might not lose the immense and invaluable good of being tenderly loved!

The tutor of the young lord (or rather, he whom I have called his tutor) is his relation, by an elder but untitled branch of the family; this I learned from the young man himself. The other is not many years older than him, and he has in his countenance and in his whole appearance a kind of I know
not

not what charm, which I never saw in any one but him. He would not laugh, as your friend does, at my ideas about nobility. He might, perhaps, think them trifling, but he would find no difficulty in understanding them; he said, the other day, “a king is not always a gentleman:” so you see my ideas, whether chimerical or not, exist in other imaginations besides my own.

My God! how much I am occupied with the present state of affairs here, and embarrassed as to the line of conduct which I ought to pursue! The relation of my lord (I call him my lord exclusively, though there are many others with the same title here, because I do not wish to name him, for the same reason which prevents me from signing my own name, or mentioning that of any one whatever, viz. the fear I have of the accidents to which

letters are always liable)—the relation of my lord, I say, is of a very melancholy turn of mind. I know not whether he has met with any misfortunes, or whether it be his natural disposition. He lives within a few paces of us, and comes to see us every day; he sits in the corner by the fire, playing with my dog, or reading a newspaper or some trifling book; and leaves me to regulate my household affairs, to write my letters, or to direct CECILIA's occupations. He says he will correct her exercises, as soon as she shall be able to write any, and make her read to him the English newspaper, in order to accustom her to the common and familiar language.

Ought I to hinder his visits? Or may I not be allowed (by permitting him to see the real characters of both mother and daughter from morning to night) to engage him to favour a brilliant

liant and pleasant establishment for my daughter, and to induce him to speak well of us to the father and mother of the young man? Ought I to remove what may be the means of giving to CECILIA the man who pleases her?—I am as yet unwilling to say the man she loves.

You beg me to make CECILIA learn chemistry, because all young women learn it in France. That reason, I confess, does not appear very conclusive to me; but CECILIA, who often hears people about her talk upon that subject, shall read what she likes concerning it. For my part, I do not love chemistry. I know that we are indebted to chemists for many discoveries, useful inventions, and many other pleasant things; but their experiments afford me no pleasure. I contemplate nature like a lover; they study her like anatomists.

LETTER VIII.

SOMETHING happened the other day, which gave me much emotion and alarm. I was at work, and my Englishman looking at the fire in profound silence, when CECILIA returned from paying a visit, pale as death. I was much frightened, and eagerly enquired what was the matter—what had happened to her? The Englishman, almost as much alarmed as myself, and nearly as pale as CECILIA, earnestly begged her to speak. She did not, however, answer one word. He then wished to go out, saying, that he, no doubt, hindered her from speaking; she held him by his coat, and began to cry and to sob, in her eagerness to speak. I embraced and soothed her, and we gave her some water; but she still continued to weep. We all remained silent for
nearly

nearly half an hour;—in order to leave her more at her ease, I took up my work again, and he began to play with the dog.

She at length said, “ It would be very
 “ difficult for me to explain to you what
 “ has so much affected me, and my
 “ being vexed at it gives me more pain
 “ than the thing itself. I don’t know
 “ why I am so much afflicted, and I am
 “ therefore the more hurt at being so.
 “ What is the meaning of all this, my
 “ mamma? Would you understand me,
 “ were I to speak, though I do not
 “ understand myself? I am now, how-
 “ ever, sufficiently tranquil to tell you
 “ what has happened, and I will do so
 “ in the presence of Mr. ———; he
 “ has given himself too much trouble,
 “ and shewn too much pity for me,
 “ not to be entitled to my full confi-
 “ dence. You may both of you laugh
 “ at

“ at me, if you please, and perhaps I
 “ may join you in doing so; but pro-
 “ mise me, sir, not to mention it to any
 “ one.” ‘ I promise you, madam,’ said
 he. “ Repeat to *no one*.” ‘ To no
 ‘ one.’ “ And you, my mamma, I beg
 “ you will not speak upon this subject,
 “ till I begin the conversation myself.
 “ I saw my lord in the shop opposite,
 “ talking to Madame de ———’s
 “ chambermaid!”—She said no more,
 and we made no answer.

A few moments after my lord came
 in. He asked her if she would take a
 drive in the sledge? she answered,
 “ Not to-day, but to-morrow I will, if
 “ the snow continues.” He then ap-
 proaching her, observed that she was
 pale, and her eyes swollen with weep-
 ing. He, in a timid manner, asked her
 what was the matter? His relation
 answered in a firm tone, that it was not
 proper

proper for him to know. He pressed it no farther, but remained in a kind of reverie for about a quarter of an hour, when some ladies coming in, he and his friend went away together.

CECILIA seemed to have recovered herself perfectly, and we said nothing more about the matter; just, however, as we were going to bed, she said, "Mamma, I really don't know whether I wish the snow to thaw or to remain."—I made no answer. The snow melted, but they continue to see each other just as usual; CECILIA, however, seems to be a little more serious and reserved. The chambermaid is handsome, and so is her mistress; I know not which of them she is uneasy about, but from that moment I began to apprehend that the business was but too serious. I have not time to tell you more to-day, but I will write to you again very soon.

Your husband then at last understands me; for he says, “ If a king
 “ may happen not to be a gentleman,
 “ then a clown may happen to be one.”
 Be it so; but I suppose, on the behalf
 of nobles by birth, that dignity of sen-
 timent will be found more frequently
 among them than among others. He
 wishes then, that in my kingdom, the
 sovereign should have the power of
 ennobling heroes, such as a Ruyter, a
 Van Tromp, or a Fabert; and to this I
 have no objections.

LETTER IX.

MY daughter's learning Latin
 seems to have made a deep impression
 upon you, and you do not easily forget
 it. You ask me if I understand Latin?
 I do not; but my father has said a
 hundred

hundred times that he was very sorry that I had not learned it. He spoke French remarkably well, and he and my grandfather took care that I should not speak it very ill; which is probably the reason why I am more difficult upon that subject than people in general. As to my daughter, she shews, when she writes, that she is mistress of the language, but she speaks very incorrectly. I do not take much pains to set her right, for I love even her negligences, either because they are hers, or because they are agreeable in themselves. She, however, is more severe, for if she perceives me make the least fault in orthography, she is sure to point it out to me. Her stile is much more correct than mine, but for that very reason, perhaps, she writes very little, because it costs her too much trouble. So much the better—it will
not

not be so easy to prevail upon her to write billets.

You ask me if this Latin does not make her proud? No, why should it? What we learn when we are young does not appear to us more uncommon, or a more valuable acquisition, than breathing or walking. You ask me how it happens that I know English? Don't you remember that you and I had an aunt who retired to England on account of her religion? Her daughter lived three years with my father, when I was very young, soon after my visit to Languedoc. She was a woman of good-sense, and many amiable qualities, and to her I am indebted for almost all that I know, as well as for my fondness for reading and thinking. —But let us return to my favourite subject, and ordinary details.

Last

Last week we were at an assembly, where M. TISSOT introduced a French lady of a handsome figure, with remarkably fine eyes, and all the graces which are given by assurance and much intercourse with the world. She was dressed in the extreme of the mode, but yet not ridiculously so. An immense quantity of hair covered her shoulders, and large curls flowed about her neck. Our little Englishman and the Bernois were her constant attendants, though, perhaps, rather in astonishment than in admiration; at least, the Englishman, whom I observed with some attention.—So many people crowded round CECILIA, that if she were affected by this desertion, she had not time to shew it; only, when my lord wished to make his party at drafts, she complained of a head-ach, and told him that she had rather not play. She

sat the whole evening quietly by me, and cut out paper playthings for the children. I know not whether the little lord perceived what passed in her mind or not; but being at a loss what to say to his French lady, he went away. As we went out of the hall, we found him among the servants, and I question whether CECILIA will ever again have so pleasant a moment.

Two days after he passed the evening at my house, with his relation, the Bernois, and two or three young female cousins of our's, and the conversation happened to turn upon the French lady. The two young men praised without mercy her eyes, her figure, her air, and her dress. CECILIA was perfectly silent, and I took but little share in the conversation. At length they began to praise her fine head of hair:—
 “Her hair is false,” said CECILIA.
 ‘Ha!

‘Ha! ha! Miss CECILIA,’ cried the Bernois, ‘young ladies are always jealous of each other! confess, is it not from envy you say this?’

I thought I saw my lord smile—I really felt hurt. “My daughter,” said I, “does not know what it is to envy. “She yesterday was praising the stranger’s hair, as you have now been doing, at the house of a lady of my acquaintance, while she was having her hair drest; her hair-dresser (who had just come from the French lady) at once told us that her thick hair and flowing curls were artificial. If my daughter had been a few years older, she would have kept this to herself; but at her age, and having herself an immense quantity of hair, it was very natural for her to say what she did. Did not you warmly contend yesterday, (continued I, ad-
 H 2 “dressing

“ dressing myself to the Bernois) that
 “ you had the largest dog in the coun-
 “ try? And you, my lord, would you
 “ allow us to doubt about your horse
 “ being finer than that of Mr. ———,
 “ or my lord ———?”

CECILIA, much embarrassed, smiled and shed tears at the same time: ‘ You
 ‘ are very good, mamma,’ said she to
 me, ‘ to take my part in so earnest a
 ‘ manner.’ In fact, however, I was
 much to blame for doing so, and should
 have acted much more prudently in
 holding my peace; but I still continued
 to feel myself in bad humour, and went
 on to say to the Bernois, “ Every time
 “ a lady shall appear jealous of the
 “ compliments you pay to another, far
 “ from reproaching her, you should
 “ thank her with all your heart, and
 “ feel yourself much flattered.”

‘ I know

‘ I know not,’ said the relation of my
 lord; ‘ whether he would have any
 ‘ reason to be so. Women wish to
 ‘ please men, and men to please women;
 ‘ nature has ordered it so. And that
 ‘ every one should wish to profit of the
 ‘ gifts they have received from her, and
 ‘ not suffer an usurper to enjoy them at
 ‘ their expence, is so natural, that I do
 ‘ not see how any person can be blamed
 ‘ for it. If a man were, before these
 ‘ ladies, to praise another for any thing
 ‘ which I myself had done, I most cer-
 ‘ tainly should say it was I who did it.
 ‘ And besides, there is a certain spirit
 ‘ of truth, which, in the impulse of the
 ‘ moment, neither thinks of advantages
 ‘ nor inconveniences. Suppose Miss
 ‘ CECILIA had false hair, and some one
 ‘ was to praise it, I am sure she would
 ‘ instantly say it is not my own.’—
 ‘ Without doubt, sir,” answered CE-

CILIA, “ but yet I see that I did wrong
 “ in saying so of another person.”

At this instant chance brought in a young lady, her husband, and his brother. CECILIA sat down to her harpsichord, and played them allemands and country-dances, while they occupied themselves in dancing. “ Good-night, “ my mother and my protectress,” said she, as she went to bed, “ good-night, “ my Don Quixotte.” I laughed.— CECILIA’s character forms, and becomes more amiable every day. I pray to Heaven that her accomplishments may not cost her too dear.

LETTER X.

I MUCH fear that CECILIA has made another conquest; and if it be so, I think I shall no longer be sorry for her predilection for my lord. Indeed if it be only a predilection, it may not prove a sufficient protection. The person in question is extremely amiable. He is a gentleman of this country, a captain in the French service, who has just married (or rather has suffered himself to be married) in the most foolish way imaginable.

He has no fortune, and a distant relation of his of the same name, who is the heiress of a considerable estate which has been a long time in the family, had said that she would rather marry him than any other. His friends thought this admirable, and looked upon the girl as very charming, because she is
lively,

lively, bold, talks much and quick, and because she is considered as a woman of wit. He was in garrison, they wrote to him to propose this scheme: he answered that he had made up his mind not to marry, but that he would do as they pleased; and they had arranged matters so well, that he arrived here on the 1st of October, and was married on the 20th; I am mistaken if he would not have wished to be unmarried by the 30th. His wife is a coquet, jealous, and proud; her boasted wit is no better than a kind of lively folly, supported by assurance.

I went, without my daughter, about two months ago, to wish them joy, and they have now been in our town about a fortnight, where madam wishes to make a figure, to shine and to move in the highest sphere. She considers herself as sufficiently rich, amiable, and
handsome,

handsome, to do all this. Her husband, ashamed and disgusted, deserts his own house; and as we are in some degree related to them, he seeks a refuge in mine. The very first time he came, he was much struck with CECILIA, whom he had not seen before, except as a child; and finding me almost always alone with her; or with no company but the Englishman, he is in the habit of coming to us every day. These two men suit, and are pleased with each other. They are both well informed, and have both much delicacy of mind, discernment, and taste, joined to politeness and mildness of manners.

My relation is indolent and even lazy; he can scarcely be said to repent his being married, because he often forgets that he is so. The other is absent, and has a great deal of gentle melancholy about him. From the first day they met

met they seemed to feel like old acquaintances; but I observe that my relation becomes every day more and more engaged by his attention to CECILIA. Yesterday, while they talked of America and of the war, CECILIA whispered to me, "Mamma, one of these men is "in love with you;" "and the other 'with you,' answered I. She said nothing, but looked at him with a kind of smiling earnestness. His figure is so noble and elegant, that were it not for the little lord, I should have feared to find what I said true. Indeed I should not be quite easy about it, as it is, were it not foolish to be disquieted about too many things.

My relation and his wife may settle the business as they please. But I do not think that he has observed the attentions of the young lord, who is not nearly so constantly here as his relation,
but

but only when he returns from college or from his exercises, and does not find his friend at home, comes here to seek him.

He happened to do this the day before yesterday; and knowing that we meant to go in the evening to the house of that relation of mine where he formerly lodged, he begged that I would take him with me, saying that he could not bear that, after the kindness he had formerly received from that family, he should be upon bad terms with them. I told him that I had no objections—and the two supporters of my fire-side went with us also. My cousin, the professor's wife, persuaded that in games of wit her son must outshine all the world, proposed that we should make lines to given rhymes, harangues upon a proposed subject, and that each should write a question upon a card. The
cards

cards were then mixed, and each was to take out one, as chance directed, and write an answer under the question. They were after that mixed again till they were all filled up. The task of reading was imposed upon me. Some of them were silly enough, and others tolerably witty. I should tell you, however, that we all scrawled, and disguised our hands in such a manner, that no one could make out whose writing they were. Upon one of the cards: *To whom do we owe our first education?* *To our nurse*, was the answer. Under this answer was written; *and the second? Answer; To hazard.* *And the third? To love.* "You wrote that," said one of the company to me. "I have no objection to its being thought so," said I, "for it is a good thing." M. de _____ looked at CECILIA, and said, "whoever wrote it appears to be far
" advanced

“advanced in her third education.”
 CECILIA blushed more than I ever saw her. “I should like much to know ‘who it was,’ said the little lord. “Perhaps it was yourself,” answered I; “why should it be supposed to be a woman? Do not men require this kind of education as much as we do? Perhaps it was my cousin, the clergyman.” “Tell us, John,” says his mother, “if it was you, and indeed I suspect it was, because it is so witty.” “Oh! no,” says John, “I finished my education at Basle.” This made a laugh, and the game went no farther. When we went home, CECILIA said, “It was not I, mamma, who wrote the answer.” “And why then did you blush so much?” “Because I thought —; because, mamma, because —.” I learned nothing farther, or at least she told me no more.

LETTER XI.

YOU wish to know if CECILIA have guessed right with regard to my friend the Englishman. I do not know, but I think not; at all events I have not now time to think about it.

We were yesterday at a gay assembly at the castle. A nephew of the mayor, who had arrived the evening before, was introduced by him to such of the ladies as he wished to distinguish. I never saw a man of a more prepossessing appearance. He serves in the same regiment as my relation; and as they are intimate, seeing him converse with CECILIA and myself, he joined the party. I was much pleased with him. No person can be more polite, speak better, both as to accent and correctness, nor have more noble manners. For this once our little lord had some
reason

reason to be uneasy, for he certainly appeared as nothing more than a handsome boy, without any consequence. I cannot tell whether he felt uncomfortable or not, but he certainly kept very near us. When they talked of sitting down to play, he asked me whether it would be proper for him to play at draughts at the mayor's house as he did at other places, and if not, he begged very earnestly that I would contrive that he should be CECILIA's partner: alledging that he was acquainted with no other person in the whole party, and that he played so ill as to be extremely disagreeable to strangers. In short, in proportion as he saw two gentlemen of the most consequence in the room pay attention to CECILIA, he appeared the more delighted and proud of his attachment to her. I thought she perceived this; but instead of laughing at him

him as he deserved, she seemed pleased; happy to make a favourable impression upon her lover, she loved the cause whatever it might be.

You are astonished that I allow CECILIA to go out alone, and in my absence to receive young men and women; I perceive also, that you blame me for this, but I assure you without reason. Why should I not permit her to enjoy a liberty which our customs allow, and which she has few temptations to make a bad use of? For accident having separated her from the companions of her infancy, CECILIA has no intimate friend except her mother, and she leaves her as little as she can avoid. We have mothers here, who either from prudence or vanity educate their children as girls of quality are educated at Paris; but as I do not see what they gain by it, and as I hate all unnecessary restraint,

restraint, and detest pride of every kind, I feel no inclination to imitate them. CECILIA has a great number of relations both on mine and on her father's side; she has cousins in every quarter of our town, and I am anxious that she should live with them all, and in their own way; and indeed that they should all be pleased with her.* In France I should probably act as they do in France; and here, I think, you would act as I do. How disgusting and contemptible do the haughty and disdainful airs of a woman appear, who adjusts her manners, her tone of voice, and her attentions, according to the rank and situation of those she addresses! This humble vanity, which consists in a fear of losing our consequence, and which

* At Lausanne there are some parts of the town where none of the gay people live.

seems to confess that a very little would be sufficient to degrade us from our rank, is by no means uncommon in our little towns; and I have seen it enough to be completely sick of it.*

* Some people have thought these letters defective in giving no exact idea of the manners of the principal people at Lausanne; but, besides that as Madame de ——— was not a stranger in that country, they would not much excite her observation, how could they possibly interest her cousin? People of the first class are every where much the same; and if she had pointed out any thing peculiar to those of Lausanne, we should scarcely have forgiven her publishing it. In these cases, unless we praise very much, no one is pleased, and probably many offended.

LETTER XII.

IF you did not urge me with so much kind importunity to continue my letters, I should feel to-day strongly inclined to stop. Till now I have written them with ease and pleasure; to-day I confess I feel very different sensations. Besides, in order to make my narrative sufficiently exact, I should want a letter, which I cannot write correctly from memory. Oh, here it is in the corner of my bureau. CECILIA, who is gone out, will, no doubt, be much afraid that she has dropped it out of her pocket. I shall be able to copy it, for I cannot well send you the original, as she may one day or other wish to peruse it again. This one time you ought to thank me for writing, as in doing so I really impose upon myself a very painful task.

Since

Since the moment of jealousy which I mentioned to you, (whether she was sometimes out of humour, and still entertained suspicions; or whether, having discovered more clearly the true state of her heart, she forced herself to a greater degree of reserve) CECILIA would no longer play at drafts in company. She has either employed herself in working, or sat by and looked at my cards. But at home they have two or three times played, and the young man the other evening after supper undertook to teach her the moves at chess, while his relation and mine (I mean the officer of —) played at picquet. I seated myself between the two tables, sometimes worked, and sometimes looked first at the play of the two gentlemen, and then at that of the young people, who had that evening the air and manners of children in a greater degree than usual;
for

for my daughter perpetually mistaking the name and movements of the chess men, this gave room for pleasantries, which abounded as much in gaiety as they were wanting in wit.

At one time the little lord seemed vexed at her inattention, and she at his want of patience. Just then I turned round; and observed that they were frowning at each other; of this I took no other notice, but that of shrugging up my shoulders. An instant after, however, not hearing them speak, I looked again, and saw CECILIA with her hand fixed upon the chess-board, and her head bent down, and leaning forwards; the young man, also leaning towards her, seemed to devour her with his eyes!—it was a moment of forgetfulness, of extacy, and of love.—“CECILIA,” said I softly, (for I was unwilling to alarm her) “CECILIA,
“ what

“ what are you thinking of?” “ Of
 ‘ nothing,’ said she, hiding her face
 with her hands, and hastily seating her-
 self back in her chair, ‘ I believe these
 ‘ detestable chess men have tired me.’
 In a few moments she added, ‘ My lord,
 ‘ I understand them no better than I
 ‘ did, and you have great reason to be
 ‘ dissatisfied with your scholar; let us
 ‘ give them up.’ She then immediately
 rose up, went out of the room, and
 did not return till all the company had
 left me.

She threw herself upon her knees,
 leaned her head upon my lap, and taking
 both my hands in hers, she bathed
 them in her tears. “ What is the
 “ matter, my CECILIA! what is the
 “ matter with you?” “ That is the
 ‘ very thing which I wish to ask of you,
 ‘ my mamma,’ said she. ‘ What are
 ‘ the sensations which I feel? why am I
 ‘ ashamed

‘ashamed of them? and why do I
 ‘weep?’ “Did he perceive how much
 “you were affected?” said I. ‘I think
 ‘not, mamma,’ answered she. ‘Asha-
 ‘med, perhaps, of the impatience which
 ‘he had shewn, he pressed and kissed
 ‘my hand, with which I was taking up
 ‘a pawn which had fallen down. I
 ‘drew away my hand, but could not
 ‘help being so much pleased that my
 ‘anger was soon over; his eyes ap-
 ‘peared so tender, and I felt myself so
 ‘much affected. At this very moment
 ‘you whispered CECILIA, CECILIA!
 ‘and he perhaps even yet thinks that I
 ‘am displeased, for I did not look
 ‘at him.’

“I wish it may be so,” said I.—
 ‘And so do I,’ answered she; ‘but
 ‘mamma, why do you wish so?’—
 “You do not know, my dear CECILIA,
 “how much men are inclined to think
 “and

“and speak ill of women.” ‘But,’
 replied CECILIA, ‘if in this instance
 ‘he should think or speak ill of me, he
 ‘cannot do so without accusing himself
 ‘as much as me. Did not he kiss my
 ‘hand, and did not he seem as much
 ‘affected as I?’——“It may be so,
 “CECILIA, but still he will remember
 “much more the impression it made
 “upon you, than what he felt himself;
 “he will see in your manner a kind of
 “sensibility or weakness, which may
 “lead you very far, and perhaps decide
 “the fate of your future life. His own
 “feelings, probably, are not new to
 “him, and at all events they are of
 “little importance.”

“Ah, mamma!” “Yes, CECILIA,
 “I will not deceive you; men seek to
 “inspire in every woman that sentiment
 “towards themselves alone, which they
 “seldom feel but for the sex. Being
 “able

“able to indulge themselves without
 “restraint, that which is the great
 “business of our lives, is for them
 “merely an amusement.” “The great
 “business of our lives! what, does it
 “ever happen that women are interested
 “about men who are not interested
 “about them?” “Yes, it does some-
 “times happen—and it happens also,
 “that some women, in spite of them-
 “selves, feel interested about men in
 “general; and when that is the case,
 “whether they abandon themselves to
 “their inclinations, or steadily resist
 “them, still this forms the main, in-
 “deed the whole business of these
 “unhappy women. You have been
 “told, CECILIA, in your religious
 “lessons, that you ought to be chaste
 “and pure; have you attached any
 “meaning to these words?” “No,
 “mamma.” “Well, but the time is
 “now

“ now arrived for you to practise a vir-
 “ tue and abstain from a vice of which
 “ you have hitherto had no idea. If
 “ this virtue should ever appear to you
 “ difficult, consider that it is the only
 “ one which requires a rigorous exer-
 “ tion, and a vigilant and scrupulous
 “ attention to yourself.”

‘ The only one!’——“ Yes, examine
 “ yourself, read the decalogue, and
 “ then tell me if you have occasion
 “ for much self-denial, in avoiding
 “ murder, thieving, and calumniating
 “ your neighbour? You certainly
 “ never were obliged to reflect that all
 “ these things are forbidden. You
 “ never will find this reflection neces-
 “ sary; and if you ever do covet any
 “ thing, it will be either the lover or
 “ the husband of some other woman;
 “ or rather, the advantages she derives
 “ from the lover or husband you wish
 “ for

“ for yourself. That which is emphati-
 “ cally called *virtue* in women, is almost
 “ the only one in which you can ever
 “ fail, the only one which requires you
 “ to say, while you practise it, I obey
 “ the precepts which I am told are the
 “ laws of GOD, and which I have re-
 “ ceived as such.”

‘ But, mamma, have not men re-
 ‘ ceived the same laws? Why then are
 ‘ they permitted to violate them, and by
 ‘ so doing to render our observance of
 ‘ them the more difficult?’ “ I do not
 “ know exactly how to answer your
 “ question, CECILIA; but this is not at
 “ present the thing to be considered.
 “ I have no son, and I should, perhaps,
 “ be at a loss how to advise him if I
 “ had. But I have only considered
 “ what is best for the daughter which
 “ I have, and whom I love better than
 “ any thing besides. All that I can say

“ to you upon this subject is, that so-
 “ ciety, which dispenses with, in men
 “ and not in women, a law which reli-
 “ gion seems to have equally given to
 “ both, imposes upon men other laws
 “ which are not perhaps more easily to
 “ be kept. It requires of them, even
 “ in the indulgence of their passions,
 “ a degree of reserve and delicacy, as
 “ well as discretion and courage; and
 “ if they deviate from these laws, they
 “ are dishonoured and avoided, their
 “ company is shunned, or they are re-
 “ ceived in such a manner as seems to
 “ say to them, society has given you
 “ ample privileges, but you have not
 “ been contented with them; she must,
 “ therefore, hold you up as examples
 “ to deter others from imitating your
 “ conduct; and, by so doing, disturbing
 “ and convulsing every thing, and re-
 “ moving all security and confidence
 “ from

“ from the face of the earth. And
 “ these men, thus punished more rigo-
 “ rously than women are ever punished,
 “ have often been guilty of nothing but
 “ imprudence, weakness, or perhaps
 “ temporary phrensy; for hardened
 “ profligates, or men compleatly wick-
 “ ed, are as rare as perfect men and
 “ perfect women. They are seldom
 “ either of them to be met with but in
 “ unnatural romances. I do not per-
 “ ceive, I repeat it, that the situation
 “ of men in this respect is very different
 “ from that of women. And besides,
 “ how many other painful duties has
 “ society imposed upon them! Do you
 “ think, for example, that it can be very
 “ pleasant for your cousin to leave us
 “ in the month of March, in order to
 “ expose himself to be killed or wound-
 “ ed; or, what is worse, stretched upon
 “ the moist ground, or shut up in a
 “ loathsome

“ loathsome prison to lay the founda-
 “ tion of incurable diseases?”

‘ But, mamma, it is his duty, it is his
 ‘ profession, he has chosen it himself,
 ‘ and he is paid for the hazards you
 ‘ have enumerated; besides, if he dis-
 ‘ tinguish himself, he acquires honour,
 ‘ and even glory; he gets promotion,
 ‘ and is respected wherever he goes, in
 ‘ Holland, in France, in Switzerland,
 ‘ and even by the enemies with whom
 ‘ he fights.’ “ Well, CECILIA, it is
 “ the duty, the profession, of every
 “ woman to be discreet;—it is true, she
 “ has not chosen them herself, but have
 “ men in general chosen theirs? Their
 “ parents, or circumstances, have made
 “ their choice for them before they
 “ were of an age either to judge or to
 “ decide. A woman is also paid by the
 “ privileges she has, as a woman. Are
 “ we not excused from most kinds of
 “ painful

“ painful labour? Do not men protect
 “ us from heat, from cold, and from
 “ fatigue? Is there any man so unpo-
 “ lite as not to offer you the most com-
 “ modious place, the smoothest road,
 “ and other advantages of that kind?
 “ And if a woman preserve her morals
 “ and her reputation free from stain,
 “ she must be very disagreeable and
 “ disgusting not to meet with respect
 “ wherever she goes. Besides, after
 “ all, is it nothing to attach to you an
 “ honourable man, to fix his affections,
 “ and to be chosen as his wife by him-
 “ self and his relations?

“ Young women who have little pre-
 “ tensions to discretion, are often the
 “ most pleasing; but the delusion they
 “ inspire seldom produces marriage: or
 “ if it does, it is still more rare that
 “ they are not punished by an humili-
 “ ating repentance, for having been
 “ too

“ too fascinating. My dear CECILIA,
 “ a moment of that sensibility, into
 “ which I hope you will never again
 “ fall, has lost many amiable and vir-
 “ tuous girls an eligible establishment,
 “ and the hand of the man they loved,
 “ and by whom they were beloved.”

‘ What, will that very sensibility
 ‘ alienate a man, which he has himself
 ‘ inspired, and which he anxiously seeks
 ‘ to inspire?’

“ Yes, my CECILIA, men are fright-
 “ ened at it the moment they think of
 “ marriage, though they may wish
 “ to see it in a mistress, and even com-
 “ plain if she do not shew it. For when
 “ a man once seriously deliberates upon
 “ marriage, he begins to see things as
 “ if he were already married, unless he
 “ be most violently in love indeed; and
 “ be assured, that a husband is a very
 “ different being from a lover, so much
 “ so,

“ so, that most things appear to them
 “ in a contrary point of view. Men
 “ who think of marriage recollect de-
 “ nials with pleasure, and favours with
 “ uneasiness. The confidence which a
 “ too tender young woman may have
 “ reposed in them, no longer appears
 “ any thing but an imprudence, which
 “ would have equally yielded to the so-
 “ licitations of any other. The too
 “ lively impressions which their proofs
 “ of love may have made, seem, now,
 “ nothing but a propensity to love men
 “ in general.

“ You may easily judge of the dis-
 “ pleasure, the jealousy, and chagrin, of
 “ a husband under these circumstances,
 “ if you reflect that the strongest sen-
 “ timent of his mind is a desire of ex-
 “ clusive property, and that he will be
 “ content with a moderate degree of
 “ affection, provided no one share it
 “ with

“ with him. He is jealous, even though
 “ he have ceased to love, and his un-
 “ easiness is not so absurd and unjust
 “ as you may at present imagine. I
 “ often see men disgust from exact-
 “ ing too much from women, and by
 “ their manner of doing it; but I have
 “ seldom seen them much deceived in
 “ their apprehensions. A thoughtless
 “ young woman rarely makes a prudent
 “ and discreet wife; and she who has
 “ yielded to her lover before marriage,
 “ is seldom faithful to him afterwards.
 “ She but too often no longer finds
 “ a lover in her husband; the one is
 “ as negligent as the other was atten-
 “ tive; the one was pleased with every
 “ thing, the other is pleased with no-
 “ thing; and she is apt to conclude,
 “ that she is not bound to the second
 “ by those obligations which she en-
 “ tered into with the first. Her ima-
 “ gination,

“ gination, too, had promised her pleasures in marriage which she has not found, and which she will find no more. She will, however, be tempted to look for them elsewhere; and as she did not resist her inclinations when unmarried, she will scarcely do so when become a wife. She will easily acquire a habit of weakness, as her duty and her modesty have already been accustomed to yield. All this is so true, that we see in the world, the prudence of a handsome wife, who is much admired, as highly praised as the reserve of a young woman in the same situation. It is acknowledged, that the temptation is nearly the same, and resistance equally difficult. I have known women marry men to whom they were most tenderly attached, and yet resign themselves to a lover within two years; and then to
“ another,

“ another, and another, till they be-
 “ came degraded and contemptible.”

‘ Ah, mamma!’ cried CECILIA, ri-
 sing, ‘ have I indeed deserved all this?’
 “ You ought rather to say have I need
 “ of all this?” answered I, embracing
 her, and wiping away with my face the
 tears which rolled down her’s. “ No,
 “ my CECILIA, I do not think that you
 “ have occasion for so frightful a pic-
 “ ture; but if you had, would you be
 “ more culpable, less valuable, or less
 “ amiable—or above all, would you be
 “ less dear, less precious to your mo-
 “ ther? But go, my child, retire to
 “ your repose; go, and do not suppose
 “ that I have been blaming you in what
 “ I intended merely for advice. This
 “ is the only time I will advise you on
 “ this subject.”

As soon as she was gone out, I sat
 down to my bureau, and wrote as follows:

“ My

“ My CECILIA, my dear child, I
 “ have promised you that this is the
 “ the only time you shall ever be teized
 “ by the solicitude of a mother who
 “ loves you more than her own life.
 “ Henceforward, as you will be ac-
 “ quainted with all I know, and all I have
 “ ever thought upon this subject, you
 “ must, my daughter, judge for your-
 “ self. I may, perhaps, recal to your
 “ recollection what I have said to-day,
 “ but I will never repeat it; permit me
 “ then to finish my observations, and
 “ attend to them to the end. I will
 “ not address you as I would most
 “ others; not as if, because your pru-
 “ dence had once failed you, you would
 “ immediately renounce all the other
 “ virtues, and become jealous, a dis-
 “ sembler, and a coquet; in one word,
 “ cease any longer to be a daughter, a
 “ friend, or a lover. I will observe to
 VOL. I. I. “ you,

“ you, on the contrary, that the other
“ valuable qualities which you possess,
“ and which you never can lose, would
“ render the loss of what is called vir-
“ tue more irksome, and increase the
“ evils and inconveniences which arise
“ from it. There are some women,
“ whose faults make up for, or at least
“ conceal their vices. They preserve,
“ even in their licentiousness, a decent
“ and imposing exterior; and their hy-
“ pocrisy preserves them. Insolent and
“ haughty, they make others groan un-
“ der the yoke which they themselves
“ have thrown off; and they establish
“ and maintain rules which make those
“ tremble who merely imitate their own
“ example. To hear them criticize and
“ condemn the conduct of others, no
“ one could avoid looking upon them
“ as Lucretias; their husbands (unless
“ discovered by some accident) would
“ think

“ think them so; and their children,
 “ too, so far from blushing for them,
 “ quote them as examples of austere
 “ virtue. But you, were you once to
 “ err, how would you dare to advise
 “ your children? How would you dare
 “ to reprove or find fault with your
 “ servants? Hesitating, faltering, and
 “ blushing at every word, your indul-
 “ gence for the faults of others would
 “ betray your own. Even your since-
 “ rity, humility, and love of justice,
 “ would only more certainly bring dis-
 “ grace upon those whose honour de-
 “ pended upon your virtue. Your
 “ household must therefore fall into dis-
 “ order; for, if your husband kept a
 “ mistress, you would think yourself
 “ happy to share with her his house,
 “ over which you would feel that her
 “ right was as good as yours; and per-
 “ haps you would even submit to let her
 “ children

“ children share the patrimony with
 “ yours. Be discreet, my CECILIA, that
 “ you may be able to enjoy the benefit of
 “ your amiable qualities; be discreet,
 “ that you may not expose yourself to
 “ the miseries of a contrary conduct. I
 “ do not say to you all that occurs to me
 “ upon this subject; I do not paint to
 “ you the regret you must feel for ha-
 “ ving loved one so little worthy of be-
 “ ing so, the pangs of blushing for your
 “ lover still more than for your own
 “ weakness, and of feeling astonished
 “ when you look at him coolly, how
 “ you could have ever disgraced your-
 “ self on his account.

“ But I have said enough—I have
 “ finished, my CECILIA. May you
 “ profit, if it be possible, by my advice;
 “ but even if you do not follow it, at
 “ all events never conceal any thing
 “ from a mother who adores you.—
 “ What is it that you should fear?

“ Reproaches? I have never used any
 “ to you; they would afflict me more
 “ than you. The loss of my attach-
 “ ment? I should, perhaps, love you
 “ the more fondly, in proportion as you
 “ were the more unhappy, and the
 “ more likely to be abandoned by the
 “ rest of the world. To make me fall
 “ a victim to chagrin? No, I would
 “ live, I would exert myself to live,
 “ and even to make my life a long one,
 “ in order to soften the evils of yours,
 “ and to force you to esteem yourself, in
 “ spite of your weaknesses, which would
 “ still leave you a thousand virtues, and
 “ (in my eyes) a thousand charms.”

CECILIA, upon her awakening, read
 the above letter. I sent for some work-
 women whom we wanted; I tried by
 every means in my power to employ
 both CECILIA and myself, and I suc-
 ceeded. But after dinner, while we

were working together, and among the women, she interrupted the general silence. ‘Mamma, I want to speak one word with you. If husbands be what you describe them, and marriage of so little use, is it not absurd to enter into it?’ “Perhaps it may; but yet you see, CECILIA, how pleasant it is to be a mother. Besides, there are exceptions; and every young woman, thinking that she and her lover would have formed one of these, will regret her not marrying as a great misfortune, even though it should be the contrary. And now, my daughter, one word with you, in my turn. I have for above an hour been thinking of what I am going to say. You must have heard instances related of women of dissolute manners, who have done noble actions, though it was, perhaps, wrong to mention them.

“ them in the presence of a young girl
 “ like you; but these were women who
 “ could not have had it in their power
 “ to do any thing great had they been
 “ virtuous. LA LE COUVREUR could
 “ not have sent the value of her dia-
 “ monds to Marshal SAXE, if they had
 “ not been given to her; nor could she
 “ have had any means of knowing the
 “ Marshal, had she not been his mis-
 “ tress. AGNES SOREL could not have
 “ saved France, had she not been the
 “ mistress of Charles VII. But should
 “ we not be deeply grieved to hear
 “ that the mother of the Gracchi, that
 “ OCTAVIA, the wife of ANTONY, or
 “ PORTIA, the daughter of CATO, had
 “ their gallants?” My learning made
 CECILIA smile.

‘ It is very plain indeed, mother, that
 ‘ you have reflected upon what you
 ‘ have just said, and you have been
 ‘ obliged

‘ obliged to go very far for your ex-
 ‘ amples.’ “ I confess,” replied I, in-
 ‘ interrupting her, “ that I could meet
 ‘ with none to suit me in modern his-
 ‘ tory; but if you please we can sub-
 ‘ stitute in the place of these Romans,
 ‘ Madam TR. Miss M. or Miss de. S.”

The young lord came to visit us ear-
 • lier than usual. CECILIA scarcely raised
 her eyes from her work. She excused
 herself for her inattention the evening
 before, said it was very natural that it
 should make him impatient, and blamed
 herself for being out of humour at it.
 She then begged him, having first ob-
 tained my permission, to return the next
 day to give her another lesson, when
 she trusted she should be able to profit
 more of his instructions. “ What, is
 “ this all you remember!” said he, ap-
 proaching her, and pretending to look
 at her work. ‘ Yes,’ answered she,
 ‘ indeed

‘ indeed it is.’ “ I flatter myself,” said
 he, “ that you were not angry with
 “ me.” ‘ By no means angry,’ said
 she. He went away undeceived, as he
 supposed, but in fact deceived. CECILIA
 then wrote upon a card; “ I have
 “ deceived him, but it is very far from
 “ being pleasant to do so.” I wrote,
 ‘ No, but it was necessary, and you
 ‘ have done well. I am interested in
 ‘ this affair, CECILIA. I wish that your
 ‘ marrying our little lord depended only
 ‘ upon yourself. His relations would
 ‘ certainly oppose it; but as they would
 ‘ be wrong in doing so, I should not
 ‘ consider that as of much importance.
 ‘ It is, therefore, necessary to try to
 ‘ deceive him. If you succeed, he will
 ‘ say she is an amiable good girl, and
 ‘ free from that excessive sensibility
 ‘ which is so formidable to a husband;
 ‘ she will be discreet; I love, and will
 ‘ marry

‘ marry her. If you do not succeed,
 ‘ and if he see through your assumed
 ‘ reserve, he may say, she knows how
 ‘ to conquer herself; she is discreet, I
 ‘ love, esteem, and will marry her.’

CECILIA returned me the two cards
 with a smile. I then wrote upon a
 third; ‘ After all, when I used the word
 ‘ *to deceive*, it was because I could not
 ‘ find another word to explain my mean-
 ‘ ing. If I have so strong a curiosity
 ‘ to read a letter which has been en-
 ‘ trusted to me, as to feel tempted to
 ‘ open it, is there any deceit in not
 ‘ opening it, and in not unnecessarily
 ‘ mentioning that I had felt this temp-
 ‘ tation? Provided I do not actually
 ‘ deviate from my duty, the confidence
 ‘ of others will be both deserved and
 ‘ useful.’

“ Mamma,” says CECILIA, “ say
 “ whatever you please to me, but do
 “ not

“ not repeat what you have already
 “ said or written; there can be no occa-
 “ sion for that, as it is impossible it
 “ should ever escape my memory. I
 “ do not fully comprehend every part
 “ of it, but the words are engraven
 “ upon my mind. I will endeavour to
 “ illustrate what you have said by the
 “ things which I may hereafter see or
 “ read, or which I have already seen
 “ and read; and again I will explain
 “ these by what you have said—thus
 “ they may tend to throw light upon
 “ each other. Assist me sometimes,
 “ mamma, in making proper applica-
 “ tions, as you did formerly, when you
 “ said to me,—Look at that little girl,
 “ she is what you may call neat and
 “ cleanly; and observe also that other,
 “ she is what is called a slattern. The
 “ first is pleasing and agreeable, the lat-
 “ ter disgusting.”

“ Do

“ Do as much upon this new subject.
 “ It is, I think, all that I want, and at
 “ present I do not wish to be employed
 “ in any thing but my work.”

Our young lord came according to appointment, and the party at chess went off perfectly well. My lord, during the evening, took an opportunity of saying to me, ‘ I must appear to you
 ‘ very ridiculous, madam; the day before yesterday I complained that Miss
 ‘ CECILIA was not attentive enough,
 ‘ this evening I think her too much so.’ He became in his turn thoughtful and absent; CECILIA seemed to take no kind of notice of his change of manner.

She has requested me to procure for her PHILIDORE’s book on chess. If she continue her present conduct I shall consider her as a prodigy. Adieu! I repeat what I have said at the beginning of my letter; you for this one time owe
 me

me thanks. I have executed my task with more exactness than I expected. I have copied the letter and the cards, and I have recollected almost word for word all that has been said.

LETTER XIII.

THINGS go on pretty well. CECILIA keeps a strict guard over her conduct. The young man sometimes looks at her with an air which says, have I been deceived, and am I indeed wholly indifferent to you? And he becomes every day more and more attentive to please her. We no longer see any thing of our young kinsman the clergyman, nor of his friend from the mountains. The young man from Berne, perhaps feeling himself wholly eclipsed by his cousin, honours us no

more with his visits. But that cousin comes to see us very often, and continues to appear to me very amiable. As to the two other gentlemen, I call them my *penates*.

The observations of your friends make me laugh. He who is surprised that a heretic should be acquainted with the decalogue, puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, one day, said to my father, "Sir, I can comprehend a man's
 " being a Hugonot during the day; he
 " divides his attention, he engages in
 " business, and he drives away thought;
 " but at night, when he lays down in
 " his bed, and in the gloom of dark-
 " ness, he cannot fail to be uneasy; for
 " after all a man may die any night."
 And of another, who used to say, " I
 " well know that you Hugonots in ge-
 " neral believe in a God. I have always
 " supported this opinion of you, and I
 " entertain

“entertain no doubt about it. But as
 “to your belief in Jesus Christ, that
 “is quite another question.”

As to the president, who does not comprehend how any woman of tolerable information and knowledge of the world, should dare to talk of the ten commandments, or indeed of religion at all, he is still more absurd, or still more to be pitied. He attempts to argue like many others, that our morals would be just as good without the aid of religion, and instances many atheists of respectable characters. Tell him in answer, that to judge of this matter, it would require a whole people of atheists, and the experience of three or four generations; for if a person have a father, mother, and teachers, all Christians, or Deists, he will contract habits of thinking and acting, which will not only adhere to him during the remainder of his

life, but also necessarily have a great influence upon his children, without his either wishing or even knowing it. So that **DIDEROT**, if he were a good man, probably owed his being so to a religion against the truth of which he zealously contended.

You need not give me any assurances that you mention no part of my letters which can cause me the least inconvenience. Do you think I should write to you in the way I do, were I not well convinced of this? It gives me great pleasure to find that you are so much satisfied with the conduct of **CECILIA**. At the same time you think me very indulgent to her. It appears to me that there would be neither justice nor prudence in a more rigorous conduct. How is it possible for any one to guard against a thing which has neither been experienced or thought of, which could
neither

neither be foreseen or dreaded? Is there any law, natural or revealed, human or divine, which says, "the first time your lover kisses your hand, you must feel no emotion?" Ought I, by treating her harshly, and behaving with coldness towards her, to invite her to exclaim with TELEMACHUS, "O, my Lord! if my mother forsake me, I have no hope left but in you." Should any one be so absurd as to persist that this is the plan which I ought to have pursued, let the consequences be what they might, I can only say in answer, that having neither indignation nor coldness in my heart, this conduct, besides its appearing to me neither just nor prudent, would have been wholly out of my power to put in practice.

LETTER XIV.

TELL me what you think of the following scene, which yesterday so much overcame both my daughter and myself, that we have scarcely either of us opened our lips to-day; not wishing to talk of it, and not being able to talk of any thing else, that at least was the cause of my silence, and I believe I can answer for CECILIA also: she has not yet indeed perfectly recovered her usual tranquillity. For the first time in her life she passed a restless night, and looked pale and uneasy this morning.

Yesterday my lord and his cousin dined at the castle, and I had no person with me after dinner but my relation, of the regiment of ——. My daughter desired him to cut the point of her pencil for her: the pen-knife which he used was extremely sharp, and the pen-
cit

cil so hard, that he somehow or other cut his hand very deeply, and the blood gushed with such violence as to alarm me extremely. I ran to get some court plaister, a bandage, and water. "It is "odd enough," said he, smiling, "but "I really feel great sickness at my "heart." He sat down, and CECILIA says that he became very pale. I called from the door of the other room, My daughter, have you not some Cologne water? She immediately poured some upon her handkerchief, and, while with one hand she held it to Mr. —, so as to cover his face from her, with the other she attempted to stop the blood with her apron. She says she thought him nearly fainting, when she felt him drawing her towards him:—leaning forward as she was, it would not at any rate have been in her power to resist, but indeed fear and surprise had taken
from

from her all power of reflection. She thought he was distracted, or that a sudden convulsion had forced him to make some involuntary movement; or rather indeed she did not think at all, so rapid and confused were her ideas. He whispered to her, "My dear, my charming CECILIA!" At the moment that he was kissing her forehead, or rather, perhaps, her hair, from the situation in which they were placed, with the most eager transport, I entered the room. He rose and sat down in his usual seat, his finger still bleeding most rapidly. I called the servant, and pointing to my relation, gave her the things which I had brought, and without saying a word, led my daughter out, more dead than alive; she related to me what I have just told you. "But, mamma," added she, "how happened it that I had not presence of mind to turn
 "aside,

“aside, or to put his head from me
“with my hand? I had two hands, and
“he had but one. But I did not make
“the slightest effort to disengage my-
“self from his arm which was round
“my waist, and with which he pressed
“me to him. I continued to hold my
“apron to his wounded hand: what did
“it signify if it had bled a little more!
“My conduct must have given him a
“strange idea of me. Is it not la-
“mentable that we always lose our
“presence of mind when we have the
“most occasion for it?” I did not
answer one word, fearing equally to
impress in too unpleasant a manner
upon her mind a thing which seemed
to give her so much pain, or to make
her look upon it as a common ordinary
event, and one which she ought not to
consider of the least importance; I did
not dare to speak upon the subject. I

was

was afraid even to express my indignation against M. de —, and I therefore remained silent. I gave the servants directions to say to any one who called, that CECILIA was indisposed, and we passed the evening in reading English. She understands ROBERTSON tolerably well; and the history of the unfortunate MARY, Queen of Scotland, interested her a little; but yet she could not, from time to time, help saying, “But, mamma, is it not very strange? Is he then a fool?” “Something very like it,” answered I, “but read on, my dear, it will amuse both of us, and withdraw our thoughts from unpleasant subjects.”

But stop, M. de — himself enters the room. He did not suffer himself to be announced, for fear, no doubt, that he should not be admitted. I know neither how to speak to, or look

at.

at him;—I continue to write merely to prevent the necessity of doing either the one or the other. I observed that CECILIA made him a low curtesy. He is as pale as she, and does not seem to have slept much better. But I must give up my writing; it is not proper to leave CECILIA any longer in her present embarrassment.

M. de — advanced towards me as soon as he saw me lay down my pen. “ Will you banish me from your house, madam?” said he. “ I know not whether or not I have deserved so severe a punishment. I am guilty, I confess, of the most unpardonable, the most inconceivable degree of forgetfulness, but of no bad design, nor indeed of any design at all; for did I not know that you were about to return in a moment? I love CECILIA, and this, which I avow to-day as an
“ apology

“ apology for my conduct, I could not,
 “ when I entered your house yesterday,
 “ have conceived it possible for me
 “ ever to acknowledge without guilt.
 “ I love CECILIA, and I could not feel
 “ her hand against my face, and my
 “ hand in hers without losing my
 “ reason for a moment. Now, tell
 “ me, madam, do you resolve to banish
 “ me from your house, or will both of
 “ you be so generous as to pardon me?
 “ If you do not, I shall quit Lausanne
 “ this evening. I will give out that
 “ one of my friends has requested me
 “ to take his duty at the regiment. It
 “ would be impossible for me to exist
 “ here without visiting you, and equally
 “ to visit you, were you to treat me as
 “ perhaps I deserve to be treated.” I
 gave no answer, and CECILIA begged
 my permission to answer for us both;
 to this I agreed, promising to subscribe
 beforehand

beforehand to whatever she might say, She then addressed him thus: ‘ I pardon
 ‘ you, sir, and beg that my mother will
 ‘ do the same. It was, in fact, my own
 ‘ fault; I ought to have given you my
 ‘ handkerchief, and not to have applied
 ‘ it myself, and I ought to have taken
 ‘ off my apron before I folded it round
 ‘ your hand. I did not understand the
 ‘ consequences of all this before, but I
 ‘ am now enlightened for the remainder
 ‘ of my life. Now, as you have made
 ‘ one confession to me, I also will make
 ‘ one to you, which may, perhaps, be
 ‘ of use to you, and make you compre-
 ‘ hend why I have no dread of con-
 ‘ tinuing to see you; *I also have a*
 ‘ *preference for a particular man.*—
 “ What! (cried he) are you in love?”

CECILIA was silent.

I never in my life was so much af-
 fected;—I believed it before, but to

know it—to know that she was so much in love as to avow it, and in this manner! When I looked at M. de — at this moment, I could not help pitying him, and I at once forgave him all that he had done.—“Does the man you love, madam,” said he, in an altered tone of voice, “know his happiness?” “I flatter myself that he has not guessed at my sentiments,” answered CECILIA, in the softest tone of voice, and with the most expressive modesty of manner that can be imagined. “But how is that possible?” said he, “for as he loves you, he must study your most trivial expressions, your slightest actions, and must he not then discover?” “I know not that he loves me,” interrupted CECILIA, “he has not told me so; and were it so, I think I ought to perceive it in the way you have just mentioned.”

“I have

"I have a great desire," added he,
 "to know the man who is so fortunate
 "as to please you, and yet so blind as
 "to be ignorant of having done so."
 "And why do you wish to know him?"
 said CECILIA. "I certainly wish him
 "no harm," replied he, "and that
 "the rather, because I do not believe
 "that he is so much in love as I am.
 "I would talk to him so much about
 "you, and with so much warmth, as
 "must make him pay greater attention
 "to you, value you more, and finally
 "put his fate into your hands; for I
 "cannot conceive it possible that he
 "should be unfortunately yoked as I
 "am. I should have at least the hap-
 "piness of serving you, and I should
 "have some consolation in knowing
 "that no other man was so happy
 "as I should have been in his place."
 —"You are generous and amiable,"

said I to him, ‘ and I also give you my
 ‘ pardon with all my heart.’ We both
 of us shed tears; CECILIA held down
 her head, and applied herself to her
 work. “ Have you explained yourself
 “ to your mother?” said he. ‘ No,’
 answered I, ‘ she has not told me who
 ‘ he is.’ “ But you know?” ‘ Yes;
 ‘ I guess at least.’ “ But if you should
 “ cease to love him, Miss CECILIA?”
 ‘ Do not wish it,’ said I; ‘ you are too
 ‘ amiable not to be banished in that
 ‘ case.’ At this moment some visitors
 were announced, and he made his
 escape.

I advised CECILIA to remain with
 her back turned to the window, and
 ordered coffee, which I begged her to
 serve, though it was rather too early
 for coffee. All this occupied and con-
 cealed her from observation, and she
 escaped with a few questions as to her
 paleness,

paleness, and her indisposition the evening before. Our friend the Englishman was the only one who observed how things really were: “ I have just
 “ met your kinsman,” said he to me in a whisper, “ and he endeavoured to
 “ avoid me. . . What a change there is
 “ in his looks! ten days of sickness
 “ could not have made a greater alteration in him than has taken place
 “ since the day before yesterday.—
 “ Don’t you think me very pale? (said he) could you have conceived it possible (continued he, shewing his
 “ hand) that a mere cut, deep it is true,
 “ could have had such an effect upon
 “ me. I asked him how he had got
 “ this cut? and he told me that it was
 “ at your house, in mending a pen;
 “ that he had lost a great deal of
 “ blood, and turned very sick.—It is
 “ so absurd a business, added he, that

“ I blush to think of it; and he did
 “ indeed blush, though the moment
 “ after he was paler than ever. I have
 “ no doubt of his speaking truth, but
 “ not the whole truth; and, to confirm
 “ my suspicions, when I enter your
 “ house, I find you with an air of
 “ emotion and tenderness, and Miss
 “ CECILIA pale and thoughtful. Per-
 “ mit me to enquire the meaning of all
 “ this.” ‘ Because we have made you
 ‘ our confidant once, you wish to be
 ‘ always so,’ answered I smiling, ‘ but
 ‘ there are some things which must not
 ‘ be told;’ and we turned the conversa-
 tion to something else. The evening
 passed in working, eating, and playing
 picquet, whist, and chess, as usual.
 The party at chess was a very grave
 one, for the Bernois taught CECILIA
 to play a game from Philidor, whose
 book I had procured for her. My
 lord

lord was soon tired of this, and gave up his place, begging to be admitted to a rubber at whist. Towards the conclusion of the evening, seeing her at work, he said to CECILIA, "You have, during the whole winter, refused me either a purse or a pocket-book of your making; however, when I go away, I must positively have some token of remembrance from you, and you must also permit me to leave one of myself." "By no means, my lord," answered she, "for if we are never to meet again, the sooner we forget each other the better." "You have great firmness of mind, Miss CECILIA," said he, "and pronounce those words 'never to meet again,' as if it were a mere indifferent expression." I now advanced towards them and said, "She may have firmness in her words, but it is you, my lord, who

‘who have it in your heart, and that is
 ‘a much better thing.’ “Who, I,
 “madam!” ‘Yes, surely, when you
 ‘talked of going away, and of a token
 ‘of remembrance, you surely thought
 ‘of an eternal separation.’ ‘That is
 ‘very clear,’ said CECILIA, forcing
 herself for the first time in her life to
 assume an air of haughty indifference;
 in fact, I believe that if indifference was
 in her look, indignation was in her
 heart. The tone with which he had
 said “when I go away,” had hurt
 her; he was now hurt in his turn.

Is it not a strange thing that we
 know not the value of being loved till
 we cease to be so; that we feel so
 acutely the deprivation, and so feebly
 the enjoyment of any good; that we
 play with the advantages we possess,
 and only begin to esteem them when no
 longer ours; that we wound the feel-
 ings

ings of those we love without reflection, and then are hurt and afflicted because we have done so; finally, that we often throw away what we most ardently wish to possess?

“What a day!” said CECILIA to me as soon as we were alone. “May I venture to ask you, mamma, what particular circumstance, of all those which have taken place during it, struck you most strongly?” “Undoubtedly these words, *I also have a preference for a particular person.*—” “Then I was not mistaken in my conjecture,” replied she, embracing me; “but fear nothing—I really think there is nothing to be feared, for I feel (as he said) great firmness, and I have the strongest desire to spare you every kind of uneasiness! You know that this morning we scarcely exchanged a word. Well, during this
“silence.”

“ silence I was occupied in forming a
 “ new plan of living for some time to
 “ come. It may, perhaps, be a little
 “ troublesome to you, and unpleasant
 “ to me, but I well know that you
 “ would readily submit to things much
 “ more difficult on my account.”—
 ‘ What do you mean, CECILIA, by a
 ‘ new plan of life?’ “ It seems to me,”
 replied she, “ that it would be better if
 “ we were to stay less at home, and
 “ not permit our three or four male
 “ friends to find us so constantly alone.
 “ The life which we lead is so pleasing
 “ to me, so agreeable to them, and
 “ you, mamma, are so amiable, that
 “ things go on too smoothly. It would
 “ be better, even at the risque of a
 “ little *ennui*, to mix more with the
 “ world. You shall request me to join
 “ in the card parties, and then we shall
 “ have no more chess and draughts.
 “ By

“By these means we shall become
 “gradually less accustomed to each
 “other, and if he really love me, he
 “will be more likely to shew it, and
 “finally to declare himself. If he do
 “not love me, that too will appear
 “more clearly, and I shall no longer
 “be deceived.”

I could not help pressing her to my
 bosom. ‘How amiable and how rea-
 ‘sonable you are!’ cried I. ‘How
 ‘satisfied and proud do you make me!
 ‘Yes, my daughter, we will do every
 ‘thing you wish. Let no one in future
 ‘accuse me of weakness or of blind-
 ‘ness. Would you have been as
 ‘you now are, had I forced your
 ‘reason always to submit implicitly
 ‘to mine; and, instead of encoura-
 ‘ging you to think for yourself, kept
 ‘you in a constant state of subjection?
 ‘Your judgment is better than mine;
 ‘I see

' I see in you, what I before believed it
 ' impossible to be united in one person,
 ' an equal degree of firmness and mild-
 ' ness, of discernment and simplicity,
 ' of prudence and rectitude. May that
 ' passion, which has drawn into action
 ' such admirable qualities, not make
 ' you pay too dear for the good effects
 ' which it has produced; may it either
 ' be extinguished, or render you happy.'

CECILIA, who was much fatigued,
 begged me to assist her in undressing,
 and to sup in her apartment. In the
 middle of our supper she fell asleep.
 It is eleven o'clock, and she has not yet
 got up. This very evening I mean to
 begin to put CECILIA's plan in practice,
 and I will inform you in a few days how
 it succeeds.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

WE now live according to CECILIA's own plan, and I am surprised that we should be so well received in a world which we have hitherto so much neglected. The fact is, that we are a kind of novelty. Indeed CECILIA, who has assumed a degree of confidence, who has great genuine easiness of manners, and whose appearance is frank and prepossessing, is a novelty of the most agreeable kind; but what is of more consequence than all the rest is, that we restore to society four men who are well qualified to shine in it. The few first times that CECILIA played at whist, the young Bernois wished to be her teacher, as he had been at chess, and his extreme assiduity keeps my lord a little at a distance. People have also lost the idea of its being necessary that

he should constantly play with CECILIA, as they were accustomed to do in the beginning of the winter. We have had in this one day a number of curious adventures, and some of them pleasant enough.

CECILIA having dined with a sick relation, I was alone at three o'clock, when my lord and his relation came in. "The only chance now to catch you at home," says my lord, "is to call upon you very early. The six weeks before this change were much pleasanter than these last eight or ten days. May I ask you, madam, whether it was you or Miss CECILIA who proposed this plan of going out every day?" I answered, 'that it was my daughter.' "Is she then tired of a tranquil life?" replied he. 'I do not think she is,' said I. "For what reason then does she give up a pleasant

“sant and agreeable mode of life, for
 “one which is painful and insipid?”
 ‘It seems to me,—it seems to me,’
 said his cousin, interrupting him, ‘that
 ‘Miss CECILIA may have three rea-
 ‘sons; that is, one of three reasons,
 ‘which all do her honour.’ “And
 “what are those three reasons?” said
 the young man. ‘First, she may be
 ‘afraid of being blamed for that very
 ‘mode of living which we regret, and
 ‘that certain ladies, envying her mo-
 ‘ther and her those attentions which
 ‘they themselves would be happy to
 ‘receive, should make some unjust and
 ‘malicious remarks; and a woman,
 ‘particularly a young unmarried wo-
 ‘man, cannot be too cautious to avoid
 ‘ill-natured observations.’ “Now for
 “your second reason: Let us see,”
 said my lord, “if it be stronger than
 “your first.” ‘Miss CECILIA may
 ‘have

' have inspired some one of those who
 ' visit her with a passion which she
 ' feels no inclination to return, and
 ' which therefore she would be unwil-
 ' ling to encourage.' " And your
 " third?" " It is not impossible also
 ' but she may herself perceive the be-
 ' ginning of an attachment which she
 ' is not disposed to indulge.' " The
 " men will thank you for your first and
 " your last conjecture," said my lord.
 " It is a pity that they are merely con-
 " jectures, and that we have little rea-
 " son to believe that we have either
 " drawn envy upon these ladies, or en-
 " gaged their affections." " But, my
 ' lord,' said his cousin, smiling, ' since
 ' you think it necessary to express so
 ' much modesty both for yourself and
 ' me, permit me to remind you that
 ' two other gentlemen visit her, who are
 ' more likely to be admired than either
 ' of

‘ of us. But look, there is Miss CE-
 ‘ CILIA; I do not think you will be
 ‘ much inclined that I should give her
 ‘ an account of your conjectures, ho-
 ‘ nourable as you seem to think them.’
 “ Just as you please,” answered he.

CECILIA was now in the room—plea-
 sure sparkled in her eyes. “ Shall we
 “ have one more poor party at chess,
 “ free from interruption?” said my lord.
 ‘ I should be very willing,’ answered
 CECILIA; ‘ but it is impossible at pre-
 ‘ sent. I must, in a quarter of an hour,
 ‘ go to dress for the assembly of Ma-
 ‘ dame de ***, (the wife of our relation
 ‘ so often mentioned, to whose house
 ‘ we had been invited) and I would ra-
 ‘ ther have a few minutes chat than play
 ‘ half a game at chess.’ After saying
 this, she sat down and entered into our
 conversation, with an air so tranquil,
 attentive, and mild, that she never be-

fore appeared to so much advantage. The two Englishmen stayed with me while she was finishing her toilet. She returned to us very soon, dressed with the most elegant simplicity; after we had paid her a few compliments upon her looks, we all went out together. When we got to the door of the house we were going to, my lord's relation observed that it was not proper for them to go in with us, and that they would therefore make another visit first. "What," said his lordship, "will the company envy these ladies the happiness of being attended by us?" "No," answered his friend, "but they may, perhaps, envy us; and I have no inclination to give pain to any one." Whilst this conversation passed, my daughter and I made our entrance. The party was numerous, and Madame de *** had taken great pains with her dress,

dress, to give it an air of negligence. Her husband only staid in the room a few minutes, and had left it before the introduction of two young Frenchmen, one of whom had a remarkably lively, and the other as remarkably grave an appearance. I merely had a glimpse of the first, as he was running about every where, whilst the other seemed immoveably fixed to the place where chance had first thrown him.

Our Englishmen now made their appearance. They asked Madame de *** where her husband was. "Ask that young lady," answered she, in a tone of pleasantry, pointing to my daughter: "he spoke to no one but her; and, as if content with that happiness, he immediately went out." The Englishmen then advanced to CECILIA, who said, without being disconcerted, "that her cousin, having complained of
 ' a severe

• “ a severe head-ache, had proposed to
 ‘ general d’A. a party at piquet in a
 ‘ room at a distance from the noise of
 ‘ the company.’ Depending upon CE-
 CILIA’s sincerity, I went to seek my
 cousin, and asked him, “ if his head
 “ was in reality as painful as CECILIA
 “ had said it was, or whether he had
 “ not found his situation in the other
 “ room rather embarrassing?” ‘ How
 ‘ can you be so cruel as to laugh at me?’
 said he, (it is right to observe, by the
 bye, that the good general is rather
 deaf) ‘ but it does not signify, I will
 ‘ make my confession to you. I have
 ‘ indeed a head-ache, for I have not yet
 ‘ recovered this wound in my hand,’
 (and he shewed it); ‘ that, however,
 ‘ would not have obliged me to retire,
 ‘ but I did feel myself very much em-
 ‘ barrassed; and besides, I have always
 ‘ thought that a gentleman made but a
 ‘ foolish

' foolish figure in the midst of a large
 ' party in his own house; and I was
 ' childish enough to be unwilling to
 ' exhibit myself to you lounging from
 ' lady to lady, and from table to table.
 ' Parties of this kind being, on the
 ' other hand, matters of great pleasure
 ' and triumph to the mistress of the fa-
 ' mily, I was willing to leave to Madame
 ' de*** the full enjoyment of all her
 ' advantages, and to run no risk of
 ' spoiling her pleasure by putting her
 ' out of humour.'

I was laughing at all this refinement,
 when one of the French gentlemen put
 his head into the room. As soon as he
 saw me, he came in, saying, "Madam,
 " I would lay any wager that you are
 " either the sister, the aunt, or the mo-
 " ther, of a beautiful young lady who
 " is in the other room." "Which do
 ' you mean?' said I. "Ah! you know
 " well

“ well enough, Madam,” answered he.
 ‘ Very well, then,’ said I, ‘ I am her
 ‘ mother, but how came you to guess
 ‘ it?’ “ Not by her features,” answered
 he, “ but by her countenance, and the
 “ expression of her face: but how dare
 “ you thus leave her exposed to the
 “ vengeance of the lady of the house?
 “ I have earnestly intreated her not to
 “ taste the tea which she sent her, but
 “ to declare that she saw a spider fall
 “ into it; in spite of all I could say,
 “ however, your daughter only shrug-
 “ ged up her shoulders and drank it.
 “ She is very bold, or she has as much
 “ confidence in the power of virtue as
 “ ALEXANDER had when he trusted
 “ his physician; for my part I should
 “ rely more upon the power of jealousy
 “ in Madame de ***. She certainly
 “ must have robbed her either of her
 “ husband or her lover; I rather sus-
 “ pect

“pect it must be her husband, for the
 “ lady appears rather vain than tender.
 “ I should like much to see this hus-
 “ band of her’s. I am sure he must be
 “ a most amiable, and a most gallant
 “ man. Indeed I have heard, both here
 “ and in the town where his regiment
 “ is quartered, that he is one of the
 “ bravest and most gentlemanlike men
 “ in the world. But I assure you, Ma-
 “ dam, that this is not the only way
 “ in which your daughter has attracted
 “ the attention of the company. She
 “ has in her train two gentlemen from
 “ Berne, a German, and an English
 “ lord, the last is the one to whom she
 “ addresses herself the least. He ap-
 “ pears to be much mortified by this;—
 “ but I suspect he is not very knowing
 “ in matters of this kind; for I should
 “ consider this as the most flattering dis-
 “ tinction she could shew me.” “ You
 “ seem

' seem to draw your pictures from
 ' your own imagination,' said I, smiling,
 though at bottom I felt very uneasy.
 ' But come, let us go and see how mat-
 ' ters really are,' and I shut the door
 as we came out. ' Are you aware, Sir,'
 said I, ' that you have been talking be-
 ' fore the master of the house?' "The
 " gentleman who is playing! What he!
 " I am shocked at what I have done;
 " I could not have imagined him to be
 " so young." As he spoke, he opened
 the door again, and leading me up to
 the card-table, " How ought a young
 " coxcomb to behave himself," said he
 to my cousin, " to an accomplished
 " gentleman, who has affected not to
 " hear the absurdities which he has
 " been uttering?" " Exactly as you
 ' now do, sir,' said Mr. de ***, rising,
 and taking, in the most graceful manner,
 the hand which the young stranger held

out to him; at the same time he placed him a chair, and begged us to sit down. He then entered into conversation, by asking him after several officers of his regiment, and some other people, whom the young gentleman had seen since he had. I then put some questions to him in my turn. I find he is related to your husband, and that he lately saw you and your daughter, though merely in passing, so that I could not get much information from him upon that interesting subject. He is a near relation of the bishop of B. whom you may remember to have met here, when only the Abbé de T. H.; and he has a good deal of his keen and lively countenance. I also asked him what situation his brother was in: "An officer of artillery," answered he, "distinguished for his talents and application; but that is all I can say for him." 'And yourself,'

said I. “ A thoughtless young fellow,
 “ a coxcomb, and that is all I can say
 “ for myself. I thought this profession
 “ would have served me very well till I
 “ was twenty; but, though I am as yet
 “ only seventeen, I am already much
 “ disposed to give it up: and I have
 “ already been too late in doing so, by
 “ one day at the least.” ‘ And what
 ‘ will you take up in its place?’ “ I
 “ have always promised to be a hero,
 “ when I ceased to be a fool. I still
 “ mean to be a hero when I am twenty,
 “ and I wish to employ the interval of
 “ three years in preparing myself for
 “ that profession; and this I hope to do
 “ better than I should have done had I
 “ continued in that line which I have
 “ just given up.” ‘ I thank you,’ said
 I, ‘ and am much pleased both with you
 ‘ and your answers.’ But let us now
 go and see what my daughter is about.

I then

I then begged the *apprentice hero* to remember, that loyalty, prudence, and discretion towards the ladies, made part of the profession of the most celebrated of his predecessors; those whose exploits in love and war had been sung by the Troubadours of his country.

I desired him not to say one word of my daughter unworthy of the most gallant and discreet knight. "I promise you, not in mere pleasantry, but in good earnest," said he. "I cannot be too scrupulously silent, after the extravagant way in which I have already talked."

By this time we were in the drawing-room, my daughter was playing at whist with some children, princes indeed; but, notwithstanding that, as unlicked cubs as any in the universe. "Observe," whispered the Frenchman, "where the English lord and the hand-

“ some Bernois are placed in the very
 “ opposite corners of the room.” ‘ No
 ‘ remarks,’ said I. “ Permit me at
 “ least to point out my brother to you,
 “ who, sitting in the very place where
 “ we left him, is still employed in be-
 “ sieging and bombarding the same
 “ town; Gibraltar for example; or per-
 “ haps he is rather defending Maes-
 “ tricht.” This prattle would never
 have ceased, had I not desired to take
 a seat at the card-table. I finished my
 game just as my cousin returned into
 the drawing-room. He came up to
 me:—“ How happens it,” said he,
 “ that this young rattle should see in
 “ a moment what I have never been
 “ able to make out with all my atten-
 “ tion? And that he should at once
 “ clear up that uncertainty, of which I
 “ now feel the full value?” He then
 sat down sorrowfully by me, without
 daring

daring to approach my daughter, or having the resolution to join either his wife or my lord. ‘ I leave you to your ‘ suspicions,’ said I, ‘ because other- ‘ wise you would probably place them ‘ upon some other person, which might ‘ be still more disagreeable; but as to ‘ this boy, he does not seem to me any ‘ way remarkable either in figure or ‘ understanding. And only ask your- ‘ self, if it be at all reasonable to give ‘ such implicit confidence to observa- ‘ tions which have been made by a ‘ thoughtless lad from an observation ‘ of five minutes.’ “ This boy, thought- “ less as he is,” answered he, “ has he “ not hit the true character of my wife?”

We, then, took our leave, and I left my cousin plunged in the deepest melancholy. The Englishmen saw us home, and my lord requested so earnestly that they might be permitted to

sup with us, that I could not refuse him. They gave me a full account of all the peevish remarks and malicious looks of Madame de ***; this explained the Frenchman's story of the cup of tea which he wished to prevent my daughter from drinking. To all this CECILIA did not answer one word, but drawing me aside, she said, "Let us not, mamma, either complain of, or laugh at her conduct, for were I in her situation, I should probably do exactly the same." "No," said I, "I am sure you would not, at least not from self-love."

The little lord seemed much pleased to have neither the Bernois, the Frenchman, or indeed any rival near him. As he went out, he told me, that for once he would adopt the prudence of his cousin, and not say one word about the supper, lest he should excite envy. I should

should not certainly have asked him to keep this a secret, but I am by no means sorry that he has himself resolved to do so. I am truly grieved for my cousin. The Frenchmen leave this place to-morrow. They have made themselves much talked of here; but while we admire the application and the talents of the one, we cannot help regretting his silence and peculiarity of manners; and while we praise the witty vivacity and ease of the younger, one cannot help wishing that he talked less, and were a little more cautious and modest; not reflecting that there would then be nothing left either to admire or to criticise in either of them. We are not apt sufficiently to consider that the reverse of a medal is as much part of it as the beautiful side. If you change any part, you change the whole. It is in the balance of the faculties that you will

will find both mediocrity and wisdom.
Adieu.

I will send you my daughter's miniature by your husband's relations.

LETTER XVI.

I hasten to send you a copy of a letter from the Bernois, which my cousin has just sent me.

“ Your relation CECILIA is the first
 “ woman I have ever wished to call
 “ mine. She and her mother are the
 “ first women I have met with, whose
 “ society promised to make my life
 “ happy. Tell me, my dear friend,
 “ you who are well acquainted with
 “ them, if I be right in the very high
 “ opinion which I have formed of them?
 “ Tell me also, (for that is a second
 “ question) tell me, but without think-
 “ ing

“ing yourself obliged to explain to me
 “your reasons, would you advise me
 “to pay my addresses to CECILIA, and
 “to ask her mother’s consent to our
 “union?”

A little below he had written, “To
 “your first question I answer *yes*, with-
 “out hesitation; and yet I say *no* to
 “your second. If the causes which
 “induce me to say *no* should change,
 “or if my own opinion upon that sub-
 “ject should vary, I will immediately
 “inform you.”

He had then added upon the cover
 of the letter; “Do me the honour,
 “Madam, to let me know if you and
 “Miss CECILIA approve of my answer.
 “If you should not, I will keep this,
 “and send any other which you may
 “please to dictate.”

CECILIA is gone out, and I wait for
 her return, in order to send an answer.

She

She approves his answer. "Have you considered well, my dear child," said I? "I have, indeed," answered she. "Do not be uneasy at my question," added I. "Do you think your Englishman more pleasing in his manners?" She readily replied, "no." "Do you think him more honourable, more tender, or more gentle?" "No." "Does he appear to you handsomer?" "No." "With him you would live in the Pays de Vaud. Should you prefer living in a strange country?" "I should like a hundred times better to live here, and should prefer Berne infinitely to London." "Should you consider it a matter of indifference to enter into a family which would not receive you with pleasure?" "So far from it, that it would appear to me a most serious objection." "Are there then, in this case, my dear child, *any secret*

"ties,

“*ties, or sympathetick feelings?*” “No,
 ‘mamma. I never occupy his thoughts
 ‘but when he sees me; and I doubt
 ‘whether he prefers me to his new boots
 ‘or his English whip.’ She smiled, with
 an air of melancholy, and two tears
 trembled in her eyes. “Does it not,
 “then, seem possible for you to forget
 “such a lover as this?” said I. “It
 ‘certainly does appear possible, but I
 ‘know not whether it may ever hap-
 ‘pen.’ “And are you sure that you
 “will be content to remain single?”
 ‘By no means, sure; and I consider it
 ‘as one of those things which cannot
 ‘be determined before hand.’ But to
 return to the answer. The answer is
 a very good one, and you will oblige
 me by writing to my cousin to send it.
 “Write yourself,” said I. She inclosed
 the letter in another cover, and wrote
 within it: “The answer is good, Sir,
 “and

“ and I thank you for the trouble you
 “ have taken.

CECILIA de ***.”

The letter being sent off, my daughter reached me my work, and sat down to her own. “ You asked me, mamma,” said she, “ if I should be content not
 “ to marry at all. This, in my opinion,
 “ depends wholly upon the kind of life
 “ which it may be in my power to lead.
 “ I have often thought that if I were a
 “ single woman, and constantly living
 “ in a society composed of husbands,
 “ lovers, wives, and children, I should
 “ feel very melancholy, and sometimes
 “ covet (as you said the other day) the
 “ husband or the lover of my neighbour: but if you should determine
 “ upon going either into Holland or
 “ England to keep a shop, or establish
 “ a school, I think, that being constantly
 “ stantly

“ stantly with you, and always employ-
 “ ed, and having no time either to mix
 “ with the world, or to read novels, I
 “ should neither covet nor regret any
 “ thing, and that my life would glide
 “ smoothly along. What I wanted in
 “ present comfort, I would make up by
 “ indulging hopes for the future. I
 “ should flatter myself with being one
 “ day rich enough to buy a house, sur-
 “ rounded by a field, an orchard, and a
 “ garden, situated between Lausanne
 “ and Rolle, or rather perhaps between
 “ Vevey and Villeneuve, and to pass
 “ the remainder of my life there with
 “ my dear mother.” ‘ This would be
 ‘ a good scheme enough,’ answered I,
 ‘ if we were twin sisters; but even as it
 ‘ is, CECILIA, I thank you for it: your
 ‘ plan pleases and affects me. Were it
 ‘ more reasonable, it perhaps would
 ‘ affect me less.’ “ People die at all
 VOL. I. 2 “ ages,”

“ages,” said she, “and you may, perhaps, be condemned to survive me.”
 ‘True,’ replied I, ‘but there is an age
 ‘at which people must cease to live,
 ‘and I shall arrive at that age nineteen
 ‘years before you.’

Our conversation ended here, but our reflections did not. The clock struck six, and we went out, for we now never pass our evenings at home, at least never without having a party, that is, women as well as men. I never was so constantly at home as the month before this, and never so much abroad as I have been during this. Our retirement arose partly from taste, and partly from chance; but we find dissipation a very heavy task indeed. Were I not much agitated half the time I am in company, I should be a prey to *ennui*: as it is, I feel hurried to death during the intervals of my anxiety. Sometimes I
 compose

compose and recruit my spirits, by taking a walk with my daughter, or more frequently, as to-day, by sitting alone opposite to a window which looks upon the lake. I am grateful to you, ye mountains, snow, and sun, for the pleasure which ye afford me. Above all, I am grateful to Thee, thou Author of all the things which I contemplate, for having created objects so lovely to the sight. They are made for other purposes besides that of pleasing me. The laws which are subservient to the preservation of the universe cause this snow to fall, and that sun to shine. As the snow dissolves, it gives rise to torrents, and to cascades, which latter the sun illuminates with all the hues of the rainbow. These things would remain the same, though there should be no eye to behold them; but at the same time that they are necessary, they are
beautiful

beautiful also. Even their variety is the result of necessity, but it is not on that account the less agreeable, nor the less capable of furnishing me with amusement. O ye amiable and affecting beauties of nature! my eyes are daily employed in contemplating you, and ye fill my heart with perpetual rapture.

LETTER XVII.

YOU have, my dear friend, given me more pleasure than you can imagine, by expressing yourself so much delighted by CECILIA's miniature, and by saying that the accounts of the Chevalier de *** have given you a strong desire to be acquainted with my daughter, and once more to see her mother. It is in your own power to do both the one and the

the

the other. The restraint which CECILIA has imposed upon herself begins to affect her gaiety; and I fear, if it continue much longer, it will destroy the freshness of her colour, and perhaps even her health itself. For some days past I have been employed in meditating upon the best means of preventing an evil, which it is dreadful even to think of, and the reality of which, I am sure, I could not bear. During this time no one has complimented me upon the elegance of her manners, nor praised me for my management of her education, but my eyes have been filled with tears, which I have not always been able to restrain from flowing; and whenever I am alone, I think of nothing but how I shall amuse my daughter, to restore her to happiness, and to preserve her health and her life, for my fears have no bounds. No satisfactory
plan

plan has yet occurred to me. It is too early to think of going to a country-house. And if I had taken one at this season and gone to it, what reports would it not have given rise to? And should I even wait to a later period, and then take one near Lausanne, besides its being very dear, it would not sufficiently change the scene; and if at a greater distance, among the mountains, or in the valley of the lake of Joux, my daughter, being no longer under the observation of the publick, would be exposed to suspicions of the most unjust and affecting nature.

Your letter is this moment arrived. All doubt is at an end. I have mentioned my plan to my daughter, and she agreed to it with great spirit. We will then hasten to visit you, at least, unless you forbid us; and I am so sure that you will not do so, that I am just going

to announce our departure, and to let my house to some strangers who are enquiring for one. The regiment of *** is in your neighbourhood, and I should be sorry for it, on account of my cousin, did he not seem pleased with its being so himself; but I am glad on account of the Bernois. If the young lord permit us to depart without explaining himself; if at least, after our departure, when he has felt what he has lost, he do not pursue us; if he neither write to me, nor ask the permission of his parents to marry CECILIA; I flatter myself that she will be able to forget a boy so little deserving of her tenderness, and that she will do justice to a man so every way his superior.